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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

AUGUST, 1939

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

★ **G**EORGE WHARTON PEPPER, who gives a truly American valuation of the World War on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its start, is a famous Philadelphia attorney who was a United States Senator from 1922 to 1927, and is as well an author of note. With Mr. Pepper's searching analysis of the greatest struggle the world has yet known is presented a prophecy made in 1914 which proved startlingly true. The German, Russian and Austro-Hungarian monarchs lost their crowns in the reshuffling of power, and in all of those countries socialist or communist governments were set up, at one time or another. Jonescu's statement about the leadership of the United States in world affairs also has come to pass.

WARREN H. ATHERTON'S *Ready? We'd Better Be*, and the *M-Day* article by Cabell Phillips and J. D. Ratcliff when put together give a picture of the defense needs of the nation and what will actually happen *if* we go to war. Perhaps would-be aggressors will stop and count the cost of attacking when they learn that instead of the sixty-one days needed in 1917 to arrange for a manhood draft men will actually register nine days after war is declared. Always that *if* should be kept in mind. The fact that we're ready for a ruckus almost certainly means that we're not going to have any ruckus. Industrial and to some extent military preparedness in this country were for generations in the predicament of the Butterscotchmen in "Davy and the Goblin," who you may remember couldn't run until they

got warm and couldn't get warm without running. Congress would appropriate money for new types of ammunition, say, and the blueprints would be prepared and a model built and there would be stories about how fine the new gun was, what it could be expected to do. But the new gun would never get into production. Things are a bit better now, thanks to Legion persistence.

ROBERT LEE BEVERIDGE'S superb essay on Old Glory, *So Proudly We Hail*, which appeared in the June issue, was itself proudly hailed by numerous Legionnaires and others in letters to the magazine. Unintentionally, Mr. Beveridge's name was left out of the box in the back of the magazine in which Legion affiliation of contributors is noted. Let it here be recorded that he is Americanism officer of Richland Post, Columbia, South Carolina.

FOR those who like plenty of fiction in the summertime there are two fine short stories, as well as the concluding installment of James E. Darst's two-part serial *Back to the Front*. Karl Detzer's *The Real Thing* has a California setting; Earle Jameson's *The Sap* goes back to the A. E. F.

COLONEL SPRAGUE, President of the Chicago Convention Corporation, enumerates a good many things about that city that will prove of interest to the thousands of Legionnaires and their families who will be on hand for the 21st National Convention, September 25th through 28th. Convention reunions of wartime outfits are on pages 61 and 62.

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The REAL THING

By
KARL
DETZER

JOE looked across the table at Bingo Cole's hand, holding his Scotch-and-soda. Bingo's hand was steady. The guy had nerve, Joe must admit. Here he sat in the Brown Derby, talking about horses at Santa Anita, lapping up highballs, one-two-three, as if nothing was going to happen!

But what *was* going to happen? Joe shifted uneasily. He was a light, youngish man with pale eyebrows that looked yellow against his brown skin. He fancied that he resembled Jimmy Cagney and so made a habit of hunching one shoulder and speaking fast from the side of his mouth.

The difference, he often told himself, was that Cagney just acted. His stuff wasn't the real thing, like this business tonight. Truth sure was stranger than the movies! Why, he'd never even heard of Bingo Cole till last week when Bingo hailed his taxicab on Hollywood Boulevard and they'd started talking, the way guys do.

"Listen, kid," Bingo had said as he got out. "I like your style. Maybe we can fix up a deal."

"Okay, boss," Joe had answered from the side of his mouth.

That's how it began. Now Joe sat waiting. He glanced at the front door, then at his wrist watch. Ten o'clock. Bingo said Katie Joy would be in around ten. Said she usually came in for one drink and a sandwich, then went home to San Fernando Valley. That's where they'd pull the job, just as she reached her door. Provided, of course, she wore the necklace.

Bingo had planned everything. Joe didn't even know where Katie Joy lived, never had seen her off the screen. He'd left it all to Bingo. Bingo was an old

Behind her waddled a fat man with a shiny bald head





Illustrations
by FRANK STREET

worth a hundred grand, Bingo said. Get fifty for it tomorrow. Fifty, split two ways. Easy.

"Fat guy's Looie Gunzler, her producer," Bingo whispered. "She's goin' to marry him, maybe, after her divorce."

Joe stared. She certainly didn't look the way Katie Joy did on the screen. Wasn't pretty, like Katie. He said so.

"A lot of them aren't," Bingo answered. "Besides, it's her dark glasses."

"Oh!" Joe's breath caught. She had dropped her wrap and the necklace, looped about her throat, tossed back the lights.

"Did you bring the cash?" Bingo asked.

"Sure," Joe kept his eyes on Katie. "Only I hope we don't have to. . . ."

"So do I. But you can't tell. Something may happen so we got to lam out. Then we'll need it. How much?"

Joe started to say, "One thousand," then remembered Jimmy Cagney, so he said, "One grand," the way Cagney would in pictures.

"That'll do," Bingo admitted. "I just hoped that you'd scrape up a little more than that. You never can tell."

Joe didn't look at him, answering, "That's all I could get my hands on." He didn't say anything about the extra hundred hidden in his shoe. Bingo wasn't the only smart guy in Hollywood. What he didn't know didn't hurt him. Joe had earned his money the hard way, smuggling across the border. He patted his pocket. "I got it here. In one bill."

A funny look came over Bingo's face.

the border through Pinto Wash, smuggling Chinks and opium, and sometimes guns? "Hey, look, now!" he said.

A yellow-haired girl was coming into the restaurant. She had on dark glasses that hid half her face, and a white summer wrap, and expensive, crazy-looking clothes. Behind her waddled a fat man with a shiny bald head. He wore a dark sport shirt and a white coat.

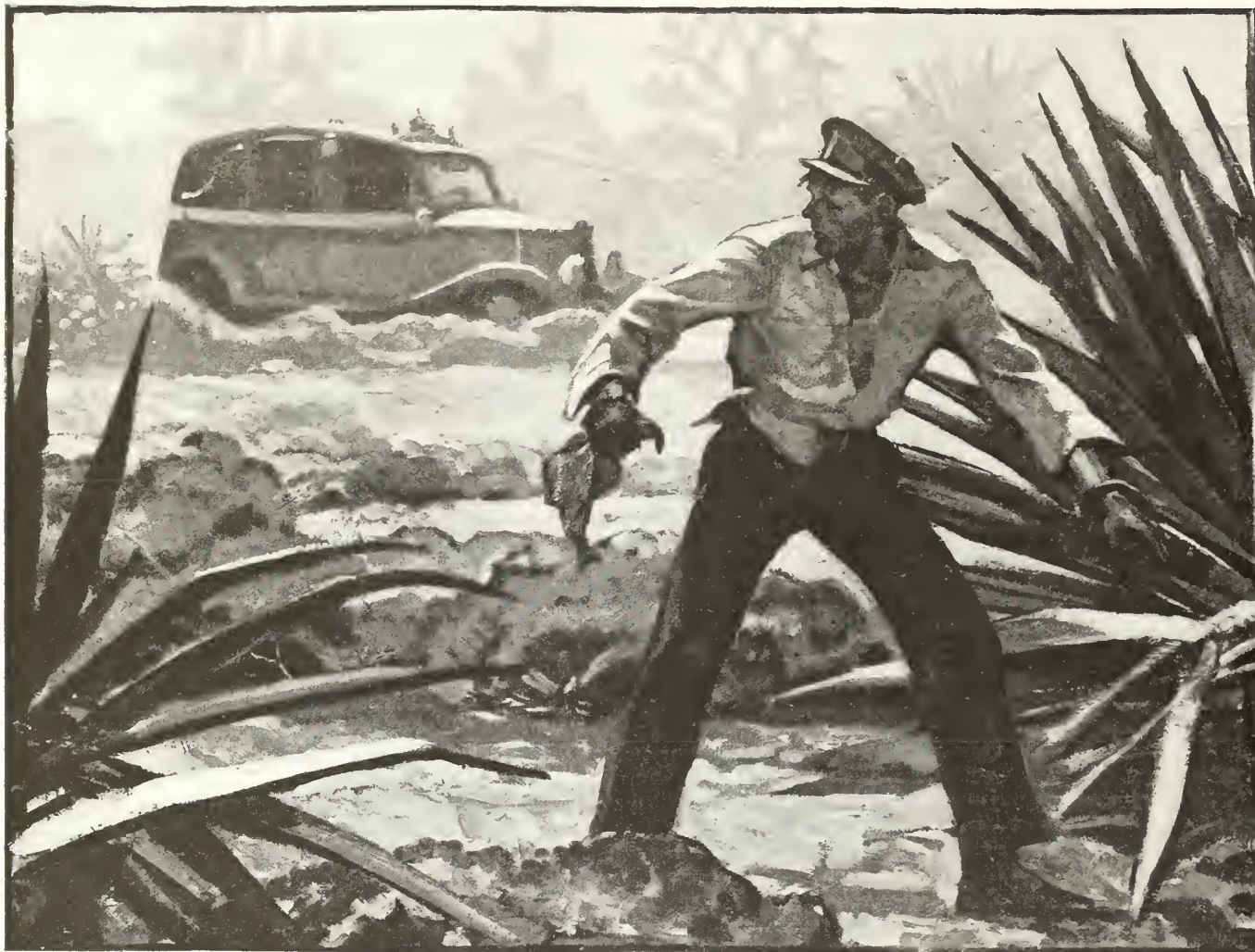
"It's her," Bingo spoke behind his glass, pretending to drink. "Watch close. See if she's wearin' 'em."

Joe smiled. Nobody need tell him *that!* What was he here for? The necklace was

hand. He'd been around, knew all the answers.

"Of course," he admitted, "if there's a slip, we'll have to lam out till things cool. Sure you can get into Mexico without being stopped?"

Joe had to laugh. Hadn't he spent four months pulling a half-ton truck across



"In one bill? The whole grand? Well, of all the dumb. . ."

"I ain't so dumb," Joe answered. "Keep it in one piece and I don't spend it foolish. What's more, I can't see why I'm the guy that puts up all the cash for a get-away."

Bingo lighted a cigarette. "Have it your way," he said. "I told you the reason. 'Cause I was fresh out of jack at the moment. Only reason I cut you in on any of it. Needed get-away cash just in case. If you don't want any of the deal, if you scare easy. . ."

"I want in on it," Joe answered fast. "I ain't scared, either. Besides, I don't figure we'll have to lam out."

"You never can tell." Bingo glanced around the room, then whispered, "Katie's lookin' at us."

After a moment Joe said, "She's still lookin'. So's the guy. They're both lookin' at *me*."

"That's too bad," Bingo answered and took another drink. "Guess maybe we'd better be goin'."

Joe got into his cab, put on his monkey cap with his back license pinned to it, and pulled it over his left eye, the way Cagney would. He said, "Them two sure eyed me. All the way to the door."

"Yeh, they did." Bingo had an uneasy tone. He sat behind, so if the law happened to notice them he'd look like a

cash passenger. Once more he went over their plan. They'd park near Katie's front gate and Joe would stay in the cab. Bingo would wait outside the door. When Katie drove up, Bingo would do his stuff and come running with the stones and they'd drive straight to Pasadena, fast.

Bingo sure could figure. Had the package stamped and addressed to "William Short, general delivery, El Centro, California." Just needed to put in the jewels and mail it. Then in a few days, after the cops got tired hunting, they'd drive down to El Centro and pick it up.

Joe repeated, "Them two looked me over plenty at the Derby."

"Yeh," Bingo answered. "Too bad."

Joe's knees felt funny.

"Here's the place," Bingo said. "Park under that pepper tree."

He got out and Joe asked, "Turn on my radio?"

"Hell, no. Just set."

Joe wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Awful lonely neighborhood. No other houses in a couple of blocks. He wiped his forehead again. Pretty hot night, to make a man sweat so. But what if Katie *had* stared at him? Maybe it didn't mean . . . here came a car now. It turned into Katie's driveway and Joe switched

**No water left in the radiator,
so he started to walk**

on his ignition and held his foot ready to tramp the starter.

Then a man's voice hollered, "Who're you? What you want?"

Then Bingo said, "Put 'em up, I tell you."

Then the girl screeched, "It's one of them guys from the Derby!"

Joe felt a chill. Then somebody fired three shots. Joe felt another chill. Katie was screeching plenty loud. Then Bingo was climbing into the cab and Joe was driving fast.

After a mile Bingo said, "Had to kill him."

The wheel wobbled in Joe's hands.

"It was him or me," Bingo panted. "Got the stones, though. Look." Joe didn't dare look. "We got to lam out," Bingo said.

At Glendale, Bingo dropped the package in a mailbox. Joe felt better after that and said so, but Bingo answered, "What difference does a little evidence make? She recognized us, didn't she?"

They drove to a hot-pig-sandwich joint near Alhambra, where Bingo knew a guy. Joe stayed outside while Bingo went in. Some cops cruised past and one turned and looked at Joe's cab, and Joe had to grip the wheel to keep from getting out



and running. Mighty hot night, to make a fellow sweat so.

Bingo came out at last. He said, sort of worried, "That dame sure can talk. My friend's got a pipeline to headquarters. Fifty cops are prowling for us right now. Got our description down perfect. Says you're a dead ringer for Jimmy Cagney."

"Yeh?" Joe gulped.

"We split up," Bingo said. "Can't be seen together or we'll get picked up sure. Meet me in El Centro tomorrow. What's the name of this joint where you used to hang out?"

"Garcia's lunch room. Run by a Mexican fellow."

"Okay," Bingo said. "Garcia's lunch room. Provided I'm not picked up." He gave a funny laugh. "If I'm not there, it means I'm in jail. If you're not, you're in jail. Hope we both get there. Don't crave no murder rap."

"No," Joe agreed. "I don't either. I'll watch the papers."

Bingo said quickly, "Don't trust 'em. They hold things out sometimes, to spring a trap on a guy. And listen. If I ain't around, lay off the post office. They might be watchin' it."

"How come? You're not goin' to talk."

"Cops got ways to make a party talk," Bingo replied. "Now about the cash, that thousand bucks. . . ."

"We got to break the bill."

"Break it? Who the hell would break it now?" Bingo wanted to know. "I tell you the heat's on us! You got change till tomorrow. I got to have it. . . ."

"The whole thing?" Joe shook his head. "What if I need."

"It's me that needs," Bingo said. "And I'll be seeing you tomorrow."

Joe started to argue, "Now, listen, Bingo," then he saw the gun in Bingo's hand and he remembered those three shots, back there by that lonesome house. Bingo was saying, "Thanks. I'll keep it safe for you. See you in El Centro, unless. . . ."

He climbed out, with the money, and Joe drove away. What had got into Bingo, anyhow, taking all the cash? It wasn't honest. Well, anyhow, there was the hundred in his shoe, Joe remembered, that Bingo didn't know about. Good thing he didn't.

JOE hurried south on Highway 99. Couldn't

get any speed out of the old bus for some reason. Cars kept overhauling him. And how could a fellow tell which of them might be full of cops? His throat was dry, but he didn't stop for a drink. Lots of time after he'd put plenty of miles between him and Katie Joy's pepper tree.

He wondered which way Bingo had gone. He'd have to take a train. Cops watched trains, always. What if . . . here came another car, hurrying up behind. No, just a couple of dames in it. Joe tramped the accelerator and turned on his radio.

He had left the hot-pig-sandwich joint at midnight; at three he was ducking around Palm Springs on the main road. At four o'clock he bought gas in Indio.

"Radiator's almost dry, mister," the station fellow said. "Got to watch it down here."

Joe answered, "Fill it up. Hot night."

"Yeh, kinda," the fellow said, and gave Joe a funny look. Joe got away fast. At five o'clock the sun blazed up behind the black teeth of the Chuck-walla range, east of Salton Sea. The air got hotter. Joe turned off his radio. No news,

anyhow. Nothing important. Just some stuff about Hitler. The cops were keeping quiet about Katie's boy friend getting killed. Well, let 'em be smart. Bingo was smarter still, figuring out everything. Joe was thinking of the cool beer at Garcia's when suddenly he felt his foot jam down hard on the brake. A sign stood in the middle of the road. He spelled it out.

"Halt: Inspection Station."

Joe's stomach turned over. That meant border patrol, shaking down cars for aliens and smuggled goods. They had a way of shifting posts around, so you didn't know where to dodge them. Joe didn't like the border patrol. That's why he had quit smuggling.

He stopped and the inspector walked out, looking him over, asking, "What you doing with 'n L.A. cab 'way down here?"

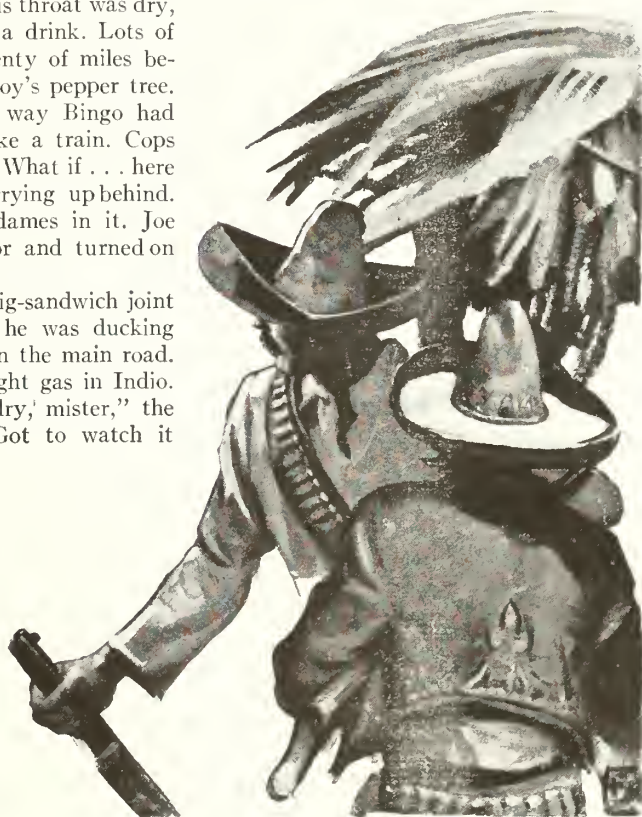
Joe started to answer from the side of his mouth but remembered just in time. That dame had told the cops about him being a dead ringer for Cagney. Better speak straight out. He said, "Some movie guy sent for me. Wants a shot of my cab in a picture he's making over toward Yuma. I'm meetin' him at El Centro."

The inspector had the door open and was poking in the cushions. At last he said, "Okay, go on."

Garcia's lunch room was a little dump on Main Street and Joe drove up to the back door. He used to know Garcia pretty well in the old days. But he'd not been here since he quit smuggling.

He opened the screen door and walked in. Garcia was making coffee. He didn't seem to recognize Joe because he just said, "What'll it be?" and went on making coffee.

(Continued on page 42)



For TOMORROW'S AMERICA

By
**HENRY
A. WALLACE**
Secretary of Agriculture

IN THESE days when armies march as dictators command, America holds firm for democracy. We will draw civic and spiritual strength and guidance from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. For most material things on which, in peace as in war, our strength as a nation is based, we turn to the good earth, its minerals, its soils and waters, and to the plant and animal life they yield.

Conservation of natural resources through wise use is therefore a fundamental measure of national defense, both against military aggression and against the undermining of economic and social institutions within our borders.

In the last 150 years we have grown from a nation of three million people on 900,000 square miles to one of 130 million on 3,000,000 square miles. But in this truly remarkable progress our physical frontiers have all but disappeared. Much of our soil has been abused and impoverished. Many living resources that spring from the soil have been depleted.

These are danger signals. They threaten freedom and democracy as we know them. As The American Legion has so clearly recognized, they also impair national defense.

BY A resolution approved at its last annual convention, The American Legion has pledged its membership to help make and keep this country worth defending by supporting efforts to conserve and rebuild our natural resources. This resolution offers the assistance of the Legion in devising and applying methods to this end. The full support of this great organization is thrown behind the efforts of the federal and state governments to make sure that soil and water and plant and animal life may be used so wisely and well that replenishment and upbuilding, rather than depletion and destruction, may go hand in hand with use.

Since this is a task to which the Department of Agriculture is also dedicated, I hereby express this Department's sincere appreciation—and mine—for the

support the Legion has so wholeheartedly offered.

The forest was the natural resource to which the term conservation was first applied, and it is in connection with forests that most people still think of it. Perhaps that is why the Legion's resolution on conservation refers so directly to the need for "programs to reduce fire losses and restore and protect forests on such lands as are primarily suited therefor. . . ."

BUT this emphasis may also be due to the recollections of some 20,000 veterans of the part which wood played in the World War. These 20,000 men served with the 10th and 20th Forestry Engineers which the Department of Agriculture helped recruit and which, up to the Armistice, had operated 81 American sawmills in France, and had cut the equivalent of more than 272 million feet of lumber for barracks, storehouses, hospitals, railroad ties, bridges, duckboards, barbed-wire stakes, and the like.

Whatever the reason may have been for the Legion's emphasis on forest resources, much has been learned in the last twenty years about the many uses to which forest products may be put. This is particularly true of things made from wood as a base: of movie films and lacquers and paper in many forms, of dye-stuffs and distillates and rayons. Researchers and technicians point to gas, alcohol and sugars as useful products of wood; to wood silk and wood wool; to toothpaste tubes and combs and sausage skins. Yet they say we have just scratched the surface as far as chemical possibilities of wood are concerned. There still are, they say, many secrets in its fibers, its cellulose, and its lignin.

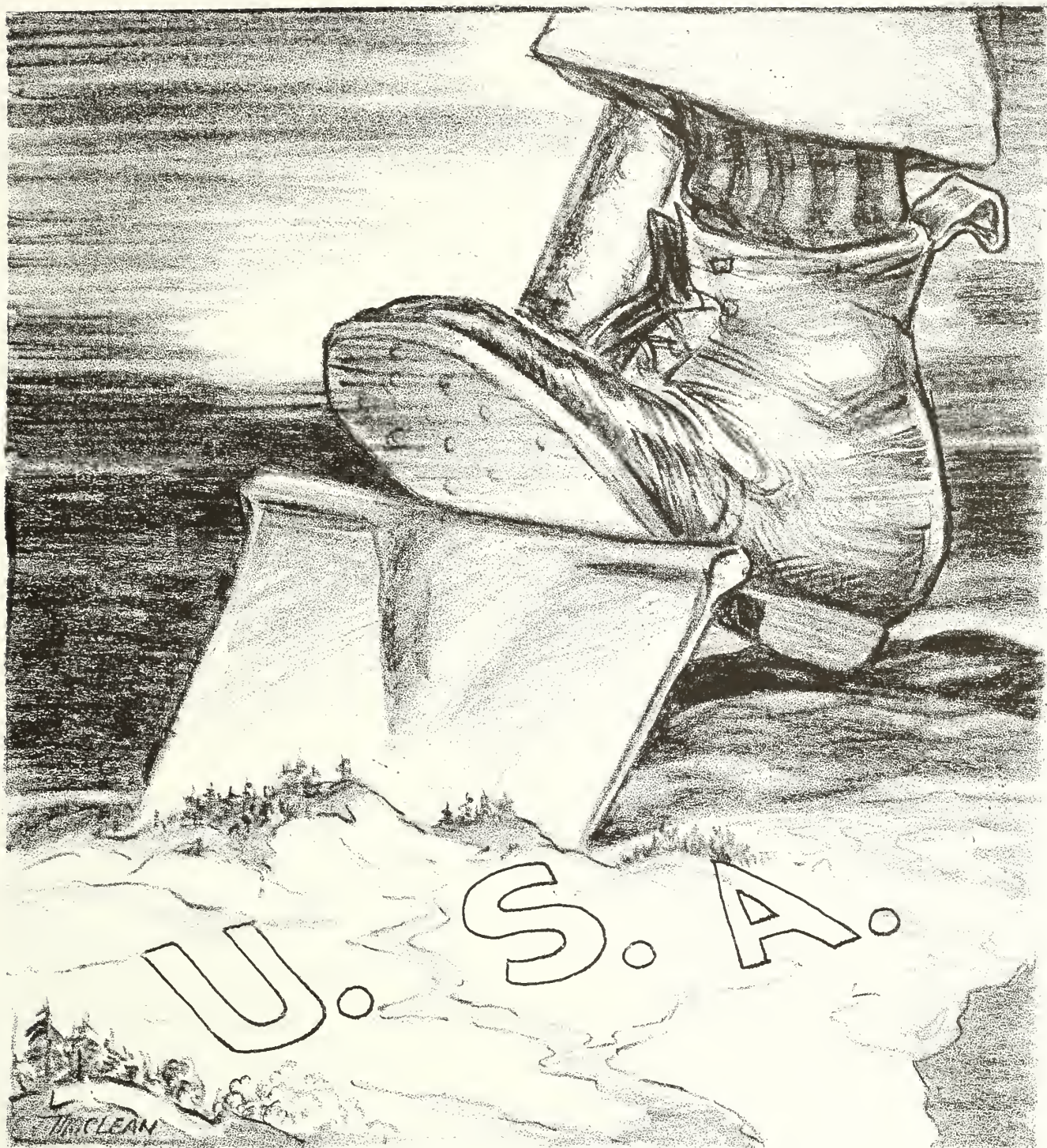
In Europe, raw wood sugar is being used for both animals and humans. Fermented with yeast to form ethyl or "grain" alcohol, it may be used in place of gasoline; or it can be used to grow yeast which, mixed with nitrogen compounds, serves as cattle food. We in America may never have to resort to these processes, but they represent additional security that research and abundant forests can provide in case of need. So does a brand new process by which, in our own country, plywood may now be moulded to shape and bonded with synthetic resin glues to make airplane bodies.

Wood and wood products are necessities of war as well as of peace, but they are not the only necessities forest lands provide. Water from forested slopes is the lifeblood of irrigated crops in the West. Power from water is the backbone of thousands of essential industries. Los Angeles and Denver and Salt Lake City—

In the March issue of this magazine "Ding" Darling the cartoonist, who is President of the National Wildlife Association, called attention to the prodigal way in which the United States has been wasting its natural resources, and called upon the Legion and Americans generally to do something about it. Something is being done. Secretary Wallace outlines a number of the measures being taken to keep America a land of plenty

and more than 400 other cities and towns—depend upon water that comes from National Forest slopes.

Proper practices in forestry contribute greatly to flood control. Forests cannot



"Much of our soil has been abused and impoverished. Many living resources that spring from the soil have been depleted"

of course prevent all floods. Neither can dams, or reservoirs, or levees. We need man-made structures of concrete and steel and earth to confine and regulate angry waters. But we need also to supplement these with land management measures that hold water back from the rivers by conditioning the soil to absorb more of the rainfall. Forestry ranks high among such measures. Porous forest soils absorb moisture readily and release it slowly. Forestry occupies a high place in a land management program for flood control that seeks to save fine valley farms, prosperous cities, and costly reservoirs from damage by silt-laden floods.

Meat, wool, and leather are indispensable to national security. Our western range produces 75 percent of the national output of wool and mohair, about 55 percent of the sheep and lambs, and nearly one-third of the cattle and calves. Grass, weeds, and browse grow in the National Forests in combination with timber and on higher portions of many major watersheds. This forage—another forest-land resource—helps support each year nearly a million and a half cattle and horses and six million sheep and goats. It also provides summer food, and the forest itself provides shelter for more than a million and three-quarters big-game animals.

So, in pledging its aid to protect forests, The American Legion helps perpetuate forage on which, in certain Montana counties alone, the livelihood of more than 5,000 people and the safety of a 55-million-dollar investment to a large extent depend.

It helps perpetuate woodlands that provide fence posts, fuel, and supplemental cash incomes to two and a half million farmers each year, and forests that—through workers employed in forest industries, in growing forests, in selling and transporting forest products, and as artisans of wood—support thirteen million people.

(Continued on page 46)

By
GEORGE
WHARTON
PEPPER

NEVER

DOUBT. Determination. Disillusionment. These three words tell the story of the relation of the United States to the "First World War." The fourth and final word cannot yet be written with certainty. It will, however, be either Wisdom or Folly.

Earlier modern wars in Europe and elsewhere had usually been duels. Two nations fought while the rest of the world looked on. Our War of 1812 with Great Britain and later our war with Mexico, our own Civil War, the Franco-Prussian, the Russo-Turkish, the Boer War, our War with Spain and the Russo-Japanese conflict are typical illustrations. There was always talk about third-party intervention but it seldom came to pass. When our relations with Spain were strained to the breaking point the diplomatic representatives of six powers called at the White House in a vain effort to avert the war that was pending. They were politely but firmly advised to mind their own business. When recently the United States volunteered similar advice to Germany and Italy the response was just as firm but not as polite.

Most of these wars were of short duration. They ended either in a draw or in a decisive victory. Peace treaties were signed; some territory changed hands; new boundary lines were drawn; costs were taxed against the losers and the wars passed into history.

When 1914 dawned a large section of the people of the United States had undergone a marked psychological change. As one result of the Spanish War and of

the effective service rendered to Cuba, many of us had domesticated the idea that it was part of our business to right the wrongs of other nations even if they were geographically remote. As a consequence of the acquisition of the Philippines and other island possessions we had gone "imperialistic." Easy inter-communication throughout the world had made it plausible to assert that all national families had now moved into one big apartment house and that the day of staying at home was over. This assertion was widely accepted as a matter of course. Few stopped to reflect that the closer the international contacts the greater the importance of restraint in criticizing the conduct of others. When, therefore, in 1914 the several European powers plunged into war the psychology of millions of Americans was such our voluntary participation seemed, even at the outset, to be by no means impossible.

As soon as the several European nations had exchanged warlike declarations

the United States promptly took a position of official neutrality. When, however, Germany invaded Belgium there were many Americans who at once proclaimed it to be our duty to resent the outrage and to go to war to punish the invader. Millions of Americans, especially in the West and Northwest, were slow to assent to this doctrine and there ensued a period of national doubt respecting the proper course for our Government to pursue. That this national uncertainty was popular with the majority was indicated by the reelection of President Wilson on the strength of the slogan "He kept us out of war."

During this period Great Britain upon

The German battle cruiser Blücher, with her crew scrambling off her just before she sank off the Dogger Bank in the North Sea in an engagement with the British, on January 24, 1915



. A REMARKABLE

IN the presence of King Charles of Rumania, his consort Carmen Sylva, and other members of the Rumanian royal family gathered on August 2, 1914, in the summer palace at Sinaia, Take Jonescu, a cabinet minister, made a prediction as to the outcome of the war just then starting which proved to be uncannily correct. A few weeks earlier King Charles had informed Jonescu that the German Emperor had decided to bring about a European war, but that it was not to break out for three or four years. Charles declared to Jonescu that in such a war he would want Rumania to range itself on the side of Germany. The royal family was divided in its loyalties, however, and so when Queen Carmen Sylva asked Jonescu point blank on that August afternoon what would be the

results of the war, every eye was fixed on the minister. At the moment the only declarations of war had been made by Germany and Austria against Serbia and Russia. It was not until the next day, August 3d, that France ranged herself against Germany and her ally, and not until August 4th that Britain joined France and Russia.

Said Jonescu, directly answering the Queen:

"No mortal can have the presumption to claim to know or divine all the consequences of such a conflict. However, I know four, and these four I can state in a few words. First, there will be such a revival of hatred among nations as has not been seen in centuries. This is as inevitable as the light of day. Secondly, there will be a *lurch to the left*, toward

AGAIN?

the high seas so often violated our rights as a neutral that, but for Germany's graver violations of international law, the cloud of an ugly Anglo-American rupture might have darkened the sky. Fortunately the British violations affected property rights only, whereas Germany inflicted irreparable loss by taking American lives. As time passed, public attention was focussed upon the conduct of Germany. Finally the sinking of the *Lusitania* marked the end of the period of national doubt and made our declaration of war with Germany only a matter of time.

The question of why we went to war has been furiously debated. It cannot be answered satisfactorily without recognizing that motives were strangely mixed. Those who from the outset had advocated the participation of the United States welcomed the long-delayed opportunity to help friends and to chastise the Kaiser. In addition to this group there were millions to whom there-

WE AMERICANS TAKE STOCK AS WE LOOK BACK TWENTY-FIVE YEARS TO THE OPENING OF THE WAR THAT WE CAN NEVER FORGET

tofore the war in Europe had seemed strangely remote.

When, however, American lives began to be taken the anger of these millions flared and they accepted war as a normal mode of expressing it. There was another group, relatively small at first, to whom the problem presented itself as a somewhat academic question of political science—the confrontation of Democracy by Autocracy. To this group President Wilson belonged. To him should be given the credit, if it be a credit, of rationalizing national anger by interpreting our participation in the war as a noble attempt to make the world safe for Democracy.

There was also in many minds the ele-

ment of fear, in that the Kaiser's military program was popularly believed to include the ultimate subjugation of South America as well as the rest of the world. In February of 1917 the German minister to Mexico was instructed from Berlin to propose an alliance between Germany and Mexico with the hope that Mexico would secure the active coöperation of Japan. The publication of these instructions aroused bitter American resentment and stimulated the House of Representatives to an overwhelming vote in favor of arming American ships. Nothing but a minority filibuster prevented similar action by the Senate.

Though legislative action was thus blocked, such a German policy, officially declared, had an immense popular effect. Whether it was all a bluff or whether the program was seriously contemplated is still under debate. Were it not that multitudes of sensible people today attribute similar programs to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini this apprehension might be regarded in retrospect as a form of hysteria. In October of 1917 the New York *World* published in map form a synthetic tabulation of various territorial claims advanced from time to time by German writers. "Obviously," wrote Newton D. Baker, "no such comprehensive plan of world conquest was ever adopted by responsible German statesmen."^{*}

Nevertheless, such grandiose claims

^{*}"Why We Went to War," p. 18.



PROPHECY

those ideas that are called socialistic. Certainly in the long run nothing that is absurd can permanently triumph, but in every country the drift toward the extreme left is certain, once the governing classes seem in the eyes of the masses—because of the letting loose of this frightful catastrophe—more incapable than they had thought. In the third place, "Madame, there will be what I may call a *cascade of thrones*. Your Majesty, who has so often told me that she is a republican, will not be surprised at this prophecy. Only those monarchies which are in reality only hereditary presidencies of republics, like the British monarchy, have a chance of escaping this terrible cascade which will justly issue from a war provoked by absolute monarchs.

"And lastly, this war will precipitate by at least half a century the establishment of America in the moral leadership of the white race, an achievement inevitable in any case, but which the war will hasten. . . . As far as I am concerned, this event will be not at all displeasing, as the experiment which the United States is making of a new civilization, without prejudices, without castes, without monarchical or aristocratic institutions, is the most interesting experiment which mankind has ever yet seriously undertaken."

Among those who heard Ionescu make this amazing prediction, so accurate in detail, were the Rumanian king, his nephew, who as Ferdinand I succeeded him on the throne a scant three months later, and the latter's consort, who became Queen Marie.



The goose step reaches the Belgian capital, Brussels. Time: August 20, 1914. Nearly two thousand years after Julius Caesar called the Belgians the bravest of all the tribes he faced this gallant nation held back the German horde long enough to save Paris, and perhaps the Allied cause

were taken seriously by so many Americans that the instinct of national self defense must be included in the list of reasons why we went to war. Futile attempts have been made to hold munition makers and bankers responsible for our decision to fight. The most effective demonstration that this theory is baseless will be found in Secretary Baker's book just referred to*.

When the decision to take up arms was reached by Congress in April of 1917 national Doubt was at once replaced by national Determination. The well-nigh universal acclaim with which the President's War Message had been greeted naturally made opposition to war intensely unpopular. The six Senators and fifty Representatives who voted against the declaration must be recognized in retrospect as brave men. At the time, however, they were accused of cowardice as is apt to be the case when a minority attempts to stem the tide of popular determination.

Not every man now live who wore the uniform of the United States in the World War can give a comprehensive account of all our war activities. His own experiences in his training camp and through the 584 days that intervened between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918 are of course engraved in his memory. For the rest, frantic preparations at home and actual operations abroad were on so vast a scale that perhaps even the historians have not yet been able to tell the whole story. Suffice it here to record the unquestioned fact that American determination which was enthusiastic at the outset became more and more grim as reality replaced imagination. The present writer has no certain way of appraising the sentiments of the men of The American Legion. His conjecture is that nobody values our American heritage more highly than they; that if this heritage was really endangered by the

*PP. 119 et seq.

but after Determination came Disillusionment.

The present well-nigh universal recognition of the folly of Versailles makes it hard to realize how near we came to national participation in it. The story of the conflict over ratification in the Senate of the United States is one of the most interesting in the annals of diplomacy. In an outcome which the writer regards as providential we declined to accept the fatal doctrine of "collective security" and refused to join in a guaranty of the artificial *status quo* which the Versailles treaty so unhappily set up. The theory that the consequences of war can by collective action be made so terrible that no nation will dare to risk them is as unworkable a

World War they are glad that they responded to their country's call; but that they never again can be persuaded that it is America's duty to police the world or to intervene in the quarrels of other nations.

After Doubt, Determination had come



The Zeppelins are coming! London got used to being strafed by both airplanes and lighter-than-air craft. The British defenses stopped the Zeppelins after October, 1916, but the planes continued to bomb the metropolis up to May, 1918. Altogether, more than 500 people were killed, and property worth ten million dollars was destroyed in Greater London

theory as has ever been boldly asserted and plausibly maintained. When the crisis comes collective international action becomes impossible both because opinions differ as to who is wrong-doer and because the several parties to the compact are found to have diverse interests.

Recent events in Europe are nevertheless relied on by some as a compelling reason for American intervention, even if this means war. It is said, as it was in 1914, that Germany's policy is hostile to the United States. Every weighty consideration leads to a wholly different conclusion. It is further said to be our duty to hasten to the support of Great Britain and France. There can be no such duty until we know precisely what the issue is and where the vital interests of the United States really lie. Certainly

ancient history for light on modern problems. Nevertheless an American citizen in 1939 might find it interesting to review the record of the relations between Rome and Carthage. After Rome had won the first round in what was in its day a veritable world war, oppressive terms were as usual imposed by the victors on the vanquished. When the latter had regained a measure of strength they decided to endorse the project of their great military leader, Hannibal, who planned to renew the war and carry it over the Alps into Italy. This he did.

Livy's account of what followed two thousand years ago reads as if written today. "The hatred with which they fought" says the Roman historian* "was almost greater than their powers of attack; the Romans burning with indignation that the conquered should dare to

still another incident in Germany's international policy which will put patience to a further test. It is just another temptation to raise the cry "Delenda est Germania." It is to be hoped, however, that this incident will not bring a repetition on the part of high United States officials of intemperate and abusive utterances about German policy.

No matter how deeply we regret on the part of other nations acts of injustice and oppression, denunciation by our government officials is out of order unless we seriously mean again to take up arms to redress the wrong. This we do not intend. Disillusionment has opened our eyes to the futility of an international policy of knight-errantry. It may safely be predicted that as long as The American Legion is a stabilizing force in American life the United States will make the most



Even as you and I, the Germans decorated their Forty-and-Eights with chalk legends. The largest bit of writing shown here advertises a free ride to Paris via Liège

we cannot wisely issue even to the most friendly nations a blanket policy of reinsurance.

We must first know about and approve the risks they propose to assume and be made to recognize that reinsurance is, for us, a measure of enlightened self-interest. It is, for example, far from clear that Britain and France acted wisely in giving commitments to Poland in connection with the Polish Corridor and Danzig problems. The re-shuffling of the cards has been going on for centuries in Central Europe. This is not to say that this ancient game has always been "on the level" or to deny that grave injustice has often been done. The point is that these successive new deals are not necessarily a justification for intervention by outside powers.

It is not the fashion of today to read

take up arms against their conquerors; and the Carthaginians likewise enraged because they believed that the conquered had been treated with supercilious arrogance and greed." Scipio, perhaps the best balanced of all history's military heroes†, first turned the tide of battle by vanquishing Hannibal at Zama and then vainly sought to commit his countrymen to a policy of generous liberality toward the conquered.

How, opposing him, the vindictive Cato insistently clamored for the utter destruction of Carthage will be recalled by many school boys. Echoes of Cato's popular slogan "Delenda est Carthago"—Carthage must be blotted out—must have rung through the council chamber at Versailles. Certainly its echoes are ringing still. As this article is being written‡ the newspapers are chronicling

of our fortunate geographical position.

It has become with some the habit to apply the word "isolationist" as a term of reproach to those who insist upon capitalizing our position of natural advantage. It is recorded of James IV of Scotland that on the eve of the battle of Flodden he forsook his advantageous position on high and rocky ground because he thought it unfair to subject the English cavalry to the consequences of an unequal fight. In the ensuing combat he perished and almost his entire army with him. It is to be hoped that in his last moments he had the consolation of realizing that at (Continued on page 54)

*Livy, Book XXI, Ch. I.

†See "A Greater Than Napoleon," by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart

‡Memorial Day, 1939. The incident referred to was the ejection of an important Roman Catholic prelate from his official residence.

READY?

WE'D BETTER BE

HITLER masses troops in Slovakia, Japan blockades Treaty Ports, England and France speed armament, Russia fights border action, China reports 856,000 Japanese casualties since the war's beginning, France strikes foreign spies, the Axis signs a military pact, the headlines herald the arming of nation against nation as never before.

Man has conquered ignorance, time, space, cold, heat, hunger and disease, but not himself.

The hopes of conscientious men and nations for peace through treaty have dimmed. Those who would establish brotherhood on earth by moral suasion have failed—up to now, anyway.

It is to be regretted that the struggle to substitute friendship for hatred, peace for war, has not succeeded. Let us hope that these efforts may some day win deserved success. Let us continue to stand with those who offer the olive branch. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the fact that today force is the arbiter of national destiny.

Blind babes of Spain, violated girls of China attest that war has not been outlawed. The strong are taking, the weak are giving.

We have free institutions, great cities, fertile plains, vast natural resources—and half the world's gold. The law of the cave man is still in vogue among nations. The only practical protection for our treasures is the ability to defend them.

Major Eliot, in *The Ramparts We Watch*, has forcefully recognized the facts in these words:

Thus is made clear that those peoples who would live at peace, disclaiming all purpose of aggression, must nevertheless take note of the doings and character of neighbors perhaps otherwise minded; that for the time being the policy of peace by international agreement has failed; and that the nation which would preserve its institutions, its dignity and its rights in a world where all too obviously force still rules, must walk amongst its fellows "with sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit;" must, in the trenchant phrase of Guibert, "make its arms to be feared, though never its ambition."

A policy of Pacifism does not mean peace. It means war.

By

**WARREN
H.ATHERTON**

*Chairman, National Defense
Committee, The American Legion*

Unpreparedness invites attack and in armed conflict the unprepared are destroyed.

Dictators maintain themselves in office through military power. In democracies the governing administration must attain or hold office through the popular will. Democracies fear military power and restrict it to minimum strength. True to its form of government, the United States has never been militaristic. Since the war which gave this nation birth, the United States has been engaged in five major conflicts—the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War. None of these wars resulted from military strength in our country. On the contrary, the War of 1812, the Civil War and the World War might well have been avoided if the nation had possessed a strong Army and Navy.

Gouverneur Morris wrote in 1794: "I am tolerably certain that, while the United States of America pursue a just and liberal conduct, with twenty sail of the line at sea, no nation will dare insult them. The thing I am thoroughly convinced of, is that if we do not render ourselves respectable, we shall continue to be insulted." This sound advice, if taken, would have saved us from the War of 1812.

Had the national Government been strongly armed in 1861 there is little likelihood that the Civil War would have been precipitated.

Military and naval strength were the only kind of "points" which the Kaiser would have respected in 1917.

It is likely that knowledge on the part of our adversaries that we were well armed would have obviated the other two wars; certainly such strength would

have greatly shortened the conflict, with consequent saving of lives and money.

In 150 years neither battleships nor armies have caused us any fights. Lack of them looms large among the causes of five costly struggles.

To paraphrase the prophetic thought of Gouverneur Morris, if we are well prepared and at the same time pursue a just and liberal conduct, we may well remain at peace forever; if we do not render ourselves respectable, we shall continue to be insulted.

When war intrudes its unwelcome presence, there is no substitute for preparedness. What Legionnaire does not remember the months lost while barracks were being built; the time wasted waiting for uniforms, for arms, for ammunition, for transport? What overseas veteran does not remember that he defended his life with a British rifle and bombarded the enemy with a British or French cannon? What American aviator overseas does not remember his French or English crate? What would we have used to defend our lives, what would we have used to save our cities, had we not had allies? Who can say that we will have an ally in the event of attack?

Six months after declaration of the last war, our colonel was showing a distinguished visitor about Camp Lewis. The visitor gazed in astonishment at a group of men, jumping, twisting, then crazily jerking up and down and asked if they were insane. "Oh, no," the C. O. replied, "they are soldiers at bayonet practice without bayonets."

Soon after the inquisitive visitor asked: "Colonel, are those men hiding a bottle?" "No," he answered sadly, "they are just serving the piece with no piece."

In 1919 the dominating thought in the mind of every man who had served his country was that our Government, our institutions, our ideals, our homes and our youth should never again be risked by lack of preparedness to defend them.

The National Defense Act of 1920 was drawn by returned veterans of The American Legion in collaboration with the military authorities. An almost unanimous opinion, stimulated by the Legion, secured its adoption. If the minimum provisions of that Act had been adhered to, the United States would

**CARTOON BY
JOHN CASSEL**



"The only practical protection for our treasures is the ability to defend them"

not now be unprepared. That Act, however, was only an authorizing act. Congress, by failure to appropriate sufficient money to fulfill even the minimum requirements of the Act, permitted our forces on land and sea to become inadequate for protection.

In 1921 The American Legion began the fight for universal service; the primary purpose of this effort was to prevent wartime profiteering by equalizing the burdens of war; however, the secondary purpose of this program was to make the entire industrial and military strength of the nation available for immediate defense in the event of National Emergency. Annually, since 1922, the American Legion has procured the introduction of a Universal Service Act before Con-

gress. This legislation was at first received with apathy. It was termed socialistic and militaristic. The Legion, though, never ceased its efforts to contribute to the strength of our defense and to the fair distribution of war's burdens. The Legion still continues to press the adoption of a Universal Service Act as a curb to those who would build their greatness upon our country's ruin, and as a National Defense measure which would triple our strength in time of need.

Since its inception The American Legion has fought for adequate National Defense. Each year our National Convention has prepared and presented a program of adequate preparedness. Every year a National Defense Committee has sought to advance the Legion's program

of protection; each year thousands of Legionnaires have gone to schools, to churches, and to public meetings to say that in a world of evil we must be prepared to defend against evil, to say that denouncing war does not end it, to say that non-aggression will not bring peace unless at the same time we have the strength to repel aggressors.

For nearly two decades our voices have fallen on deaf ears. Our Army dwindled to 118,000 men. Our battleships became older, our cruisers and destroyers slower, our planes fewer and less modern than those of the navies of other powers.

During these same years Ethiopia, China, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia have succumbed to the law that might makes right. (Continued on page 54)

By

JAMES E. DARST

Illustrations by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

CONCLUSION

THE firing became general all along the front. Ahead of them shells were bursting in abundance. Orders ran along the line and the men began to dig in, scraping with shovels or mess-kit tops or fingers at the top soil.

For an indefinite but hellish length of time they lay and took it. Men screamed as they were hit, or slumped silently, or writhed. Others rose to their elbows cautiously and fired quickly. Joe and his companions, after they had burrowed a few inches, edged around the machine gun and very slowly inched it into position. With the utmost painstaking they leveled it, steadied its feet, scraped dirt in front of it for an emplacement and little depressions behind it for their bodies.

It was almost dark. The machine-gun firing had lessened a great deal but the artillery still fell among them.

Joe told the gun crew to stay put and fire only if a target presented. He stooped low and ran to his left. He stumbled over Schultz and a second gun crew, well dug in and emplaced. The other guns hadn't come up, Schultz reported. Joe told him to watch both crews while he made a reconnaissance to locate the rest of the company. Taking advantage of every declivity, dodging among still-digging doughboys, he bore to the left. He ran and, when a chatter or a whine struck his ears, dived for the ground

and hugged it. Once, a shell fragment struck his tin hat, sending off a metallic clang. A bullet kicked a clod right in his face another time when he was lying prone.

After two hundred yards or more he dropped among a group of B Company men.

When he could stop panting he asked them how things were going. They were of the second platoon. Sergeant Walsh still survived and commanded, they told him. One of them went and got Sergeant Walsh, a quiet and efficient fellow.

"Both lieutenants have been hit," he said. "The last hour has been very hard. Many of the men are gone. Before he was carried back, Lieutenant Merritt told

us to dig in. I think Lieutenant Farrell is in a bad way."

"Who's in command on the left? Who has the third platoon?"

"Sergeant Waldo sent word he would take charge."

An idea jolted Joe. "Why, then I'm in command of the company!" Walsh nodded. "I guess that's right, sir," he assented.

"Let me have a runner that knows the way to the third platoon," ordered Joe. Walsh summoned a man. Alternately running fast and falling, the two came to Waldo's position, where he was precariously dug in with two guns on a reverse slope. Joe learned that almost a third of the platoon were casualties. He told

BACK *to*



Waldo he was in command, ordered him to stay where he was until further orders, took a runner along to learn Joe's command post. It was almost dark when they started back to the right.

Joe paused a moment with Walsh to tell him he would establish his command post with the first platoon. Took one of Walsh's men along as a runner.

Dog-tired, jumpy, worried over his new responsibility, Joe and his party arrived back at the first platoon position and after much prowling found the Schultz fox-hole. As he groped toward it in the dank dust, whispering plaintively to Schultz, Joe became aware of a second figure stretched beside the sergeant.

As Joe sank to the ground the figure

squirmed in his direction; Schultz, eyes blazing, was just behind the man. An issue blanket could cozily have covered the three of them. The man was Oakley. He spoke:

"Just where in the eternal hell-fire have you been, McCracken?"

"What? What! Where have I been? Sitting in a side-walk cafe, drinking champagne."

"Be exceedingly careful of the answers you give."

"I've been out for quite a while on a reconnaissance."

"We've heard nothing from you ever since you were in command."

"You must have known I was in command long before I did. As soon as I did

find out I visited the company's positions. Here I am."

"The major has been frantic."

"So have we."

"Very well. I'm going back now to report your position—and to recommend your removal from command."

A wolfish growl came from Schultz's visage, plastered now six inches behind Lieutenant Oakley's right shoulder. Murder shone in his pale blue eyes. Joe thought, "Well, why not?" Wholesale murder was in the air. Countless Germans, infinitely better fellows than this unreasonable basket, were being knocked off just because they were on the other side. God knows he and Schultz would keep a secret if a grenade went off pre-

the FRONT



maturely and in the right spot. But no, that couldn't be.

"Oakley, it's a balled-up world and probably nothing will ever come out right again. But all I ask the Creator tonight is to live long enough to meet you where I am free to act. Go on back, you superlative son-of-a-bishop, and make any lousy report you want. I'm in command of a company in a war and can't be bothered."

"You're hysterical. Inefficient and hysterical."

Joe saw Schultz clench a farmer's fist. Frowned at him viciously. Oakley went away through the gloom.

"We could of knocked him off as easy as shticking a pig," moaned Schultz.

WHAT a night! Joe dozed with his head pillowed on his tin hat, clods mingling constantly and thoroughly with his hair. Under his back were belt, pistol and other lumps. The gas mask leaned heavily on his chest. Now that the excitement of the day's attack was over he realized how sick he was, how deep-seated was his cold, how high his fever. He knew it would take days to bring his feet to life, once they were unwrapped of puttees, thawed, washed and rubbed.

"No officer ever says he is tired or allows his men to say it." He recalled the old corps order.

Approximately every ten minutes an explosion wakened him. At irregular intervals Schultz nudged him, or something else disturbed him and he nudged Schultz; or just plain silence brought both of them stark awake, staring into the night. His conscience bothered him. Why should he rest when he was newly in command of a company and hadn't the slightest idea of the next day's plan, objectives, orders or what not? What was happening over on the left? Were they being surrounded? And, finally, what was Oakley doing to him? To him, Joseph J. McCracken, Iowa '15, southpaw pitcher, fairish quarterback and, oh yes, a trombone player par excellence and late soloist in Major Hemingway's band. Joe McCracken, respected of his family and pals, and a hero to a certain kid named Rosemary. But disgraced now forever. And why disgraced? Damned if

he knew, but that wouldn't make any difference.

Cautiously he drew himself up and looked through the window

It was quite light when he became really conscious. Schultz was already busy, deepening the holes back

of the gun. It was a clear day. Chances of breakfast nil.

Joe decided on an immediate visit to all his guns. With the faithful Schultz he dog-trotted the few hundred yards that had seemed so long the night before, and under shell-fire, checked personnel and ammunition, dog-trotted back. Then sent a runner, with a message descriptive of their position, to battalion headquarters—find it however the man might. He dispatched another runner to locate the highest ranking infantry officer in the vicinity to pick up instructions from him, if any were forthcoming.

Then the storm came down. With no warning a terrific barrage descended on them. It had everything. It was beautifully planned, and executed with precision. The enemy had the range taped off to a nicety. A typical second-day barrage, when the attacker has outrun his support and thinned his lines of communication, while the defender has got over his first confusion, has brought up his reserves and has shortened his lines.

Then the aircraft visited. Enemy aircraft. They dipped and dropped bombs and raked with machine guns. All one could do was hug the ground, snuggle against the sides of a fox-hole, pray. Confusion. Messages failing to get through. No knowledge of what was ahead, or on the flanks, or what the purpose was. Twice Joe managed, in lulls, to work himself along the lines and check casualties. He saw medical corps men miraculously getting back some of the wounded, a chaplain burying the dead. Once he sat in a hole with an infantry sergeant who was sobbing. The man had just led a patrol forward that had been cut to pieces.

Later, back at his P. C., someone fell to the ground beside him. It was Oakley.

"Is this a nightmare?" asked Joe.

"Well, let me have it. I'm blooeyed."

Oakley grunted, "The major sent me back to stay with you. He seems to think you need help."

"Help, yes. Not you."

"Major Headley must be losing his reason. He needs an adjutant. But he sends me up here."

"Not hard to understand. Damned tired of looking at you. He's on to you at last, you basket, don't you get it? But what of your report on me? Am I to go back and be blooeyed? You don't answer. You tried to have me busted but he wouldn't believe you. Well, stick around if you must but I'm in command, the devil take you, and don't you try to act otherwise."

Then Joe slumped forward and slept.

A CLEAR night, Polaris steadfast in front, but no moon. Joe shivered awake, looked at his watch, found it nine. He leaned over suddenly and vomited. He was damned sick. He had a raging fever. Nothing about him was right.

Someone touched him. Schultz.

"What do you want?"

"Please, Lieutenant Choe, I joost visit along der lines. We loose a lot of men."

"Well, why the hell not, Schultz? Are they throwing bean-bags at us? Someone's bound to get hurt. It's your cousins over there, Schultz, shooting us. Oh, I'm damned sorry. You, the most loyal American in the whole U. S. A. and me kidding you about being a Dutchman. But I was just kidding. I'm half nuts."

"No-one seems to know what to do, eggactly, Lieutenant Choe. Oh, vell, it makes, yet, no difference." Then he saw the silent Oakley. "Dis man. Vat he do here again?"

"Inflicted on us. I'm beyond caring."

Silence. Pin-wheels in the brain. Various noises. Utter exhaustion. Then Joe snapped alive, mind steel clear.

"Schultz, we've laid here all day, taking it on the chin. The infantry have sent out patrols and a lot of good it's done us. Well, now I'm going to run a patrol of my own and keep going into enemy territory until I get some real information. Then I'll come back here with it and hand it to the doughboys on a platter. If we get knocked off in the attempt it makes no difference because we'll sure get knocked off tomorrow anyway. Are you with me, Gus?"

"Yah, you could bet on dot, Lieutenant Choe."



"There's one more man I want. Corporal Big Antelope. He savvies how to prowl in woods and all that stuff."

"I'll git him."

Schultz moved out. Oakley said: "I'm coming, too."

"The hell you are!"

"Listen, McCracken, we don't seem to hit it off. But I like the idea of this patrol, a little group of us on our own, to get some real information or be killed in the attempt. Let me come."

"I'm surprised that you've got guts enough."

"I have."

"Very well. But if you make a phony move we'll knife you and leave you there. All right, Schultz, Antelope. Lieutenant Oakley's going along. Let's see the map." They bent over it. "Here we are at about co-ordinates 308-296. We'll strike northeast three kilometers or more through Les Forgettes woods. Then open country for a kilometer and then more woods. Maybe we'll find something up around Beaclair. We may go into the town, or we can push on toward Beaufort. That's five or six kilometers. We can do it in two hours, or a little more. Somewhere around midnight or a little later we'll think about coming back. We'll walk at a reasonably fast pace in a pair of files. I want Antelope to lead, with me. Schultz, you stick with Lieutenant Oakley. Don't anybody fire unless I give the order. If we're fired on, we'll scatter and each come back singly. But we're out to learn, not shoot. Get me?"

They did. They removed the tin hats that clanked, buttoned up slickers. Joe took a compass bearing and they set off briskly. They went through firing at first but in ten minutes they came to the woods, Les Forgettes, and it was quiet. Quiet and, of course, deadly dangerous. The woods undoubtedly were a No Man's Land for roving patrols of both armies. Joe's crew would be shot at with equal celerity by either.

But no mishap, no sound, and still unwinded, they came to the woods' northern edge. Spreading out ten feet apart and standing in the shadows they spent five minutes listening with all their power; searching the darkness with their eyes; squatting down to put objects against a sky-line. All quiet. They came back together and walked rapidly, in their hollow square formation, over the rolling meadows.

Again a patch of woods into which they slipped quickly, then paused alert. Voices. Joe's heart skipped. Voices directly ahead of them, and many voices. They melted behind trees. A body of men coming closer. The voices were German. Joe held his breath, stared. Should they fire

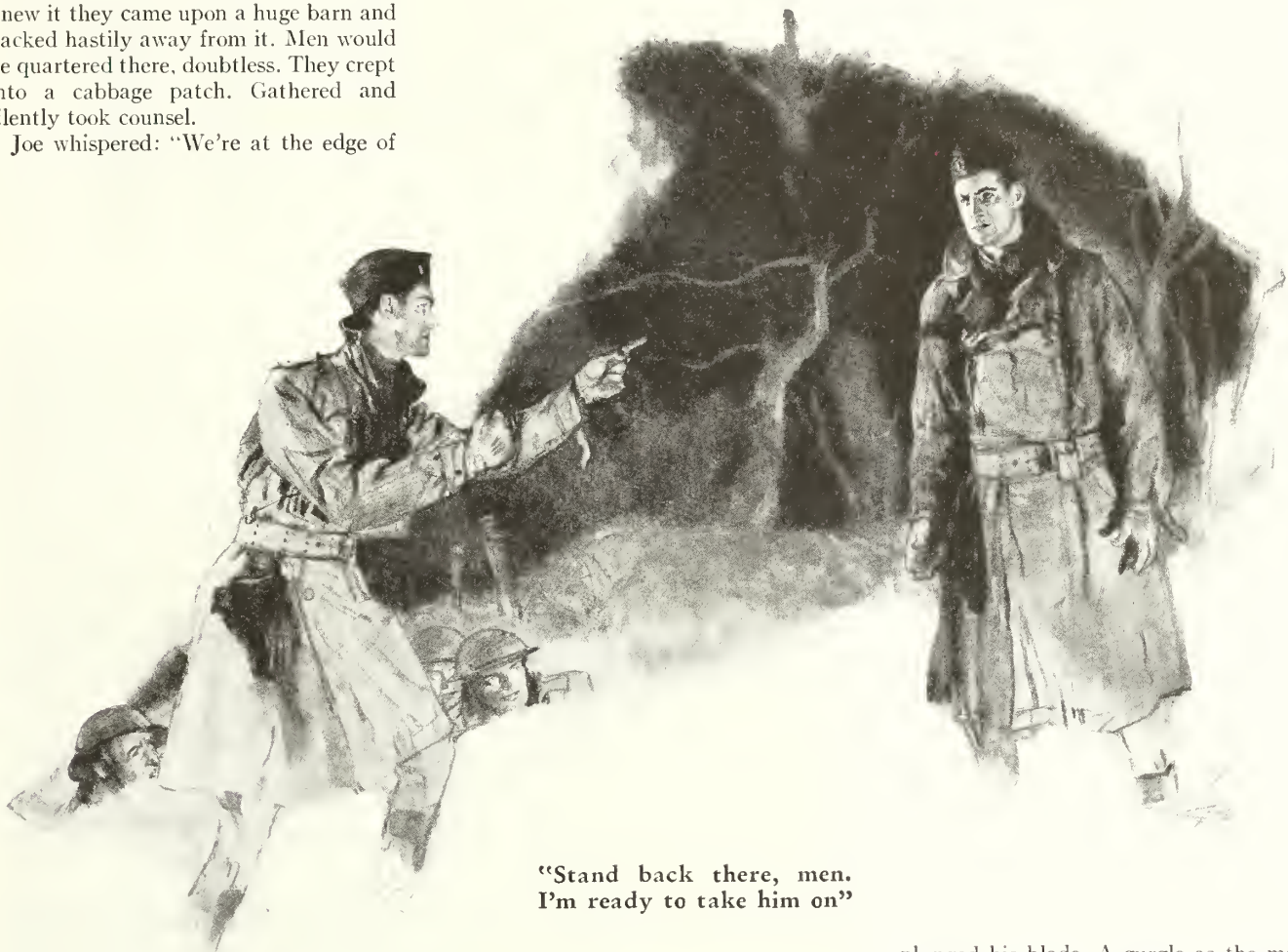
and run? Not unless discovered. Twenty of the enemy came within a few paces of them, passed. A working party, evidently.

Through the woods again, and now an open space and a slope running down to a road. The road must be the one to Beauclair. They crossed it, then followed it some fifty feet to the side. Before they knew it they came upon a huge barn and backed hastily away from it. Men would be quartered there, doubtless. They crept into a cabbage patch. Gathered and silently took counsel.

Joe whispered: "We're at the edge of

They were bang up against a building, a shed. Schultz and Oakley came up to them. There were no windows, so it must be the back of the shed. But a glint of light, through a crack. Very subdued voices within. Joe motioned Oakley and Schultz to stand fast. He, with Antelope,

sentry walked rapidly up and down in front of a door. Antelope touched Joe's arm. He flashed a knife. The sentry walked away from them, completed his turn, came back. At their corner he wheeled again. Stiffened. Did he hear their breathing? Antelope leaped and



"Stand back there, men.
I'm ready to take him on"

Beauclair. The Germans hold it, of course. We can walk through the streets and see what we see." A silly jest struck him and he gave it voice, almost giggling in his excitement: "Of course we may get arrested for street-walking."

"Yes," said Oakley, "or for being out past curfew. But I imagine I can fix it with the mayor."

Why, the guy's human, Joe thought. Aloud, "Question is, shall we go into Beauclair, or keep going deeper?"

"Deeper," suggested Schultz.

"Why not?" asked Oakley.

"Very well, deeper it is. It's eleven-thirty now. We'll bear for the edge of the next woods. Let's go."

They skirted another road until suddenly it was full of traffic, trucks and men moving southwest. They worked back into a ravine and wormed their way through high weeds to the edge of a woods. The ravine grew deeper. They slipped on its sides. Then Joe, in advance, gripped the arm of Antelope, beside him.

"Sh-h. For God's sake," he croaked.

crept on all fours to the corner of the building. Stuck noses gingerly around.

No one there. Not a whisper. A patch of light lay on the ground, coming from a small window some five feet high. Joe inched upward. The pane was dusty, grimed. He dared—looked in. Three men, four, sitting around a table. None observed him. All were deep in attention to the maps before them. High-ranking Germans. Staff officers, a division staff perhaps. One stirred and Joe snapped his head away. He lowered himself, grasped Antelope's arm. They sneaked back to the others.

Joe drew their heads up against his. "Listen close," his voice was barely alive. "There are four German staff officers in that hut. They have maps. We'll capture them and the maps, too. Game? Fine. There will be a sentry or two in front. And surely a larger guard must be somewhere near. We will work fast. Two will go around each side of the shed."

They dropped to all fours and moved. Joe and the Antelope again turned the corner, listened; passed under the window and peered around the second corner. A

plunged his blade. A gurgle as the man came over backward. Antelope pulled the coat over the man's head. Listened at his chest. Stood up. Joe was having a chill. He bit his tongue to keep from vomiting. The two others moved around the opposite corner and the four gathered at the door. Not an instant to lose. Joe felt for the knob, seized it, pushed. The four lurched into the cabin. Slammed the door behind them. Four startled figures leaped erect. One demanded:

"Wer sind sie?"

And Sergeant Gus Schultz yelled:

"Vier verdammte gut Amerikanische soldaten, sie shweiniunde! Shtick 'em oop!"

Joe whipped his gat forward. Oakley leaped up beside him. Schultz and Antelope ran behind the men and poked guns in their backs. Joe swept the maps together and crammed them in his slicker pocket.

"Bring those four along," he barked.

They hustled the captives out the door and around the corner; into the deep ravine behind the shed.

"Tie 'em up and gag 'em," Joe husked. He and Oakley held the guns while Schultz and

(Continued on page 48)

M-DAY—When, As and IF

By
CABELL PHILLIPS
and
J.D. RATCLIFF

M-DAY is mobilization day—the day America goes to war. As Mr. Henry Putty, Oklahoma City garage mechanic, reads his evening newspaper he is caught by the excitement of the momentous things that happened in Congress that day. Seen it coming a long time, he assures himself. This isn't quite accurate. He had feared that it might come. But he always thought there would be some way out.

In a bar that night he discussed the day's world-shaking drama as he sipped beer. "They've been asking for a good pushing around for a long time now," he announced. Heads nodded assent. Neither the speaker nor the listeners thoroughly realized that they might be elected to do the pushing. Such an attitude might be excused. Up to the actual declaration of war, hostilities had seemed remote and unreal; a distant threat expressed in terms of national anger rather than in terms of mud, blood, and bullets. Henry's concern about being involved was nothing more than a shadowy fear; like the fear of a mother that her children might contract infantile paralysis.

With dramatic suddenness Mr. Putty, a peaceful soul at heart, found himself in the Army. Things had happened so rapidly that there was little time to pause and wonder *how* they happened. Like a great many million others, Henry Putty was totally unaware of the vast machinery set up in advance to take care of his life.

There is a group of men in Washington today that spends all its time thinking in terms of M-Day. If the United States were to go to war tomorrow they would be ready. Tucked away in the files of the War Department they have an already written law with which they could conscript ten million men. They have files of posters to help sell the war they constantly think of, and thoroughly detailed information on the radio-listening habits of people in all sections of the country. Their files contain sample news and feature stories to be pumped into newspapers, and complete data on billboards



In September, 1917, five months after the declaration of war, Brooklyn, New York, sends its first drafted men to Camp Upton. If war comes to America again 333,331 of the boys will be in camp drilling within four weeks of its beginning

which could carry recruiting posters.

They have sample registration cards for the draft in every state capitol—ready to go to the printer on a moment's notice and be ground out in million lots. They have maps of locations of the 6400 boards required to draft men into the service, and lists of personnel to man them. Organization extends downward to the smallest hamlet. Plans are complete even to the number of square feet of floor space

required by various agencies. All this advance thinking—possibly destined to profoundly influence the lives of millions of people—has been done by the Joint Army and Navy Selective Service Committee.

Perhaps it would be annoying to Henry Putty if he knew how completely his life has been planned for him. But of course he doesn't know. He has never had access to that 32-page mimeographed document,

the Selective Service Law; nor to the thousand and one other details of the plan that may mold his life. Only occasionally has it occurred to him to think what ideal material he would make for any man's army—25, unmarried, living with his self-supporting parents. Let's accept him as the representative of ten million American men, and see what happens to him on M-Day and the days immediately following.

When Henry picks up his evening

but each carries a threatening undertone. All of them suggest that pretty serious things will happen to anyone who refuses to register but don't pause to say just what. Henry dutifully reports on registration day.

Ahead of him in line is an uncombed individual with fierce black eyes. When this man gets up to the table where men are filling out the cream-colored Bristol cards—size six inches by four—he begins to harangue those in charge. He has

the necessary police authority . . . The registration must not be obstructed . . .” There are several policemen standing by staring at the protesting man. The registration proceeds.

Henry signs his card and is given a second card—for purposes of identification. He must be able to produce it at any time he is called on to do so. It carries the number 800 which means that he was the 800th man to register in his precinct. From the moment he puts his signature



The easy informality of 1917 going-away—the Seventh Regiment, Illinois National Guard, as it marched through Chicago on the way to camp

paper he passes over the sports page—usually his first concern—for the electrifying events on page one. He reads the President's brief but moving speech before the joint session of Congress, a story about the vote and the bitter little paragraphs about departing embassy staffs. One story escapes him; a short note saying that Congress unanimously passed the Selective Service Act immediately after voting to go to war. Even Congressmen who voted against entry into the war voted affirmatively on this legislation.

The following morning Henry reads that the President will speak that day over the largest radio hook-up ever put together. The newspapers have been informed in advance about his subject matter: the President will instruct everybody between the ages of 21 and 30 to report to his regular voting place to register for military service. Quick work, Henry decides. The registration date is set one week ahead.

During this intervening period there is an enormous blast of publicity. Posters go up: “PATRIOTS WILL REGISTER—OTHERS MUST.” Henry, knowing little about the mechanics of lithography, won't pause to wonder how these posters were produced with such magic speed. Nor will he notice the pattern that runs through all the newspaper feature stories. They are written in a highly patriotic vein

barely started an obviously well-thought-out speech about Constitutional rights and about war being a capitalist enterprise when he is hushed. The man behind the table starts reading from the regulations:

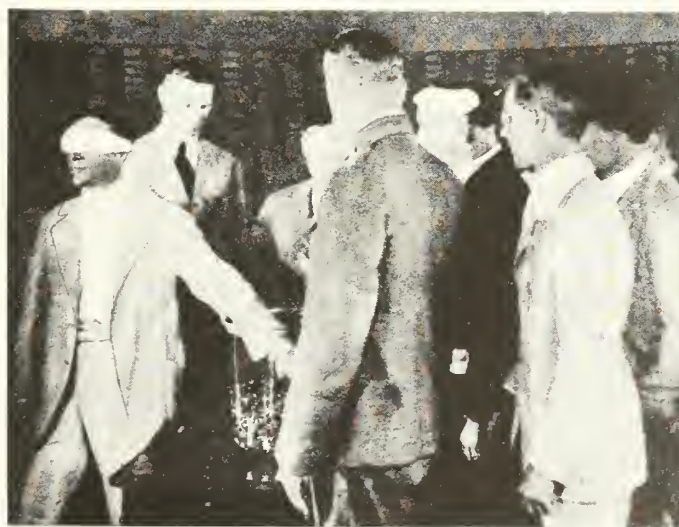
“If the prospective registrant is sullen or inclined to falsify, evade or refuse to

on that card, he is subject to military law—which is apt to be rather unreasonably strict in times of stress. All this, understand, by the time the war is eight days old!

On this same day 12,000,000 other men have filled out cream-colored Bristol cards precisely like the ones Henry signed. They have filled them out in the Ozarks and in the Arizona desert; in Boston, Los Angeles, and Omaha; in Guam, Puerto Rico, Alaska. Wardens in jails and keepers in insane asylums have helped their charges with the all-inclusive ritual.

After filling out his card Henry will decide that he now has time to relax; that he has done his part in fighting this war. So he will go back to grinding valves and cleaning carbon out of clogged automobile engines. But not for long. Only four days after the registration, the lottery is announced. The newspapers say that the President will draw the first capsule and urge everyone to listen to the radio broadcast. The capsules, the papers explain, each contain a number and determine the order in which men will go into the Army. If the President draws the capsule containing number 346, that means every man with this number on his registration card should prepare to leave at once.

Since so much (Continued on page 41)



The most famous picture on the home front during the war—Secretary Baker taking out the first pellet in the great draft lottery. The number was 258

answer, his attention should be called to the penal provision of the law . . . If he is still refractory . . . the case is reported to

AS A YOUNGSTER in the small Pennsylvania town of Bryn Mawr I had a burning ambition to play with one of the Philadelphia teams—to me it didn't matter whether it was the Athletics or the Phils. Whenever I got the chance I made the trip to Baker Bowl or Shibe Park to see my idols in action.

I simply doted over the likes of Eddie Collins, Stuffy McInnis, Rube Oldring, Amos Strunk, "Iron Man" Jack Coombs, Chief Bender and Manager Pat Moran of the Phils as well as Grover Cleveland Alexander and his battery mate, Wade Killifer.

Like most every kid, I suppose, I sometimes "hooked" school to go to the ball games. I pulled this three days in a row, on one occasion, and I'll never forget my boyish wonderment when the principal of the school sent for me the fourth day I was planning to be absent.

"There's no use asking you where you

By
JIMMY
DYKES

In
there

FIGHTING

were these last three afternoons," said the "old man," who at the time I thought had the detective's sense, "for there's only one place *you would* be—at the ball game. If it happens again, you won't graduate in June!"

Since that was in May, I decided it was best to take his advice, because, much as I idolized some of those old stars, I couldn't have the face to fail to graduate with my class.

I should have gone to Ursinus College, where I had practically won a scholarship, possibly because in my last year at school I was captain, manager and short-stop of Haverford High. I would have gone to Ursinus, had it not been for my early ability to play baseball.

I haven't regretted my choice, although I think every youngster who can go to college should do so. Men and women these days require more preparation for life, than in any age before this. A boy who completes his education before he takes up baseball will have that training to fall back on if he fails to make the grade in professional baseball.

In 1915 Jack Hayden, the old Boston Braves and Louisville outfielder, picked me up and sent me to the Portland, Maine, team in the then New England League. I was about the happiest kid in nine counties.

But my elation was not to be long lived. In no time at all I had about the worst case of homesickness a boy could have. Despite the fact I was in a cool invigorating climate and was eating like a horse, I dropped from 172 pounds to 155 in two weeks.

Finally the manager, Hughie Duffy, told me one day that he was going to do the best thing he possibly could for me.

"I hope it is sending me home," I blurted out, and that was exactly what he had planned to do. I spent the summer of '15 playing ball around home.

Then in 1916 I played week-end baseball for the J. G. Brill car works until mid-season, when I got a chance to go down on the Eastern Sho' to play for Seaford, Delaware.

I didn't even want to go that far away from home, as every time I even thought of it that old homesickness bugaboo welled up in me. But my dad talked me into going, saying it might lead to something, as many big leaguers were coming out of the Sho' loop.

I finally went, and incidentally didn't get homesick.

Old Mike Drennan, the Athletics' scout, picked me up down in Seaford, and Mike was famous for hand-picking ball

players, a fact that encouraged me considerably. He scouted Pinky Higgins, Eric McNair, Deb Williams and Cy Perkins, to name a few, and had the reputation of picking no bloomers.

Well, he signed me over to the A's that fall, and in turn they sent me the next spring to Gettysburg, in the Blue Ridge League.

I'll never forget that season of 1917 up there in the hill country. Our pay days were most irregular. That makes a lot of difference to a kid out on his own, I can tell you.

That fall Old Mike came up and asked me how I liked it, and didn't I enjoy the experience?

"It's no pleasant experience for anybody not to get paid!" I fired back at him.

Well, in September he took me down to the Athletics, where I stayed one day, before *walking out*.

I sat around on the bench most of the afternoon, before Ira Thomas spotted me and sent me out to field balls. For half an hour he batted to me from all angles, high ones, low ones and wide ones.

One minute he had me leaping into the air for line drives and the next minute he had me digging them out of the dirt, down there around my shoe laces. In between he'd drag bunts at me, and as I recall now, I handled about everything he sent my way.

Presently he waved me back to the bench with no comment. I pined there the rest of the day, pretty unhappy because I wasn't in more action.

Well, sir, that evening I went into the locker room and turned my uniform over



Legionnaire Dykes

to the club-house boy, and told him I'd had enough and that I was through. The kid tried to convince me I was being hasty, but I was stubborn, and walked right out of the place for what I thought was keeps.

That winter Connie Mack called me up from his Germantown home, and said he'd heard I was a pretty fair country third baseman, and wouldn't I like to go south with the team in the spring.

I would!

And there was the turn in my budding baseball career!

The kindly Connie Mack straightened me out in no time. He was just the tonic I needed. Over that telephone he wound me around his heart and his little finger at one and the same time.

The war was on, and the country was asking for strong young boys, so my first year in the majors was broken up in August 1918, when I joined the Army. I reported at Camp Greenleaf, away down

with possible victory the chance to win the next day and end the series at home.

It looked like we wouldn't accomplish either, because the Cubs took an 8 to 0 lead on us in seven innings, which meant that even if we won the following day, we'd still have to go back to Chi.

Well, sir, we went to the bat in our

three were out we had scored 10 runs and the Cubs made no more the rest of the day.

I'll never forget the scene around our dugout after that game. Even though we had one more game to win before copping the series, you would have thought the series was already ours.

Hysteria broke loose.

Eddie Collins, Jimmy Foxx, Mickey Cochrane, Bing Miller and even Old Kid Gleason danced around on the cinder surface like Fiji Islanders.

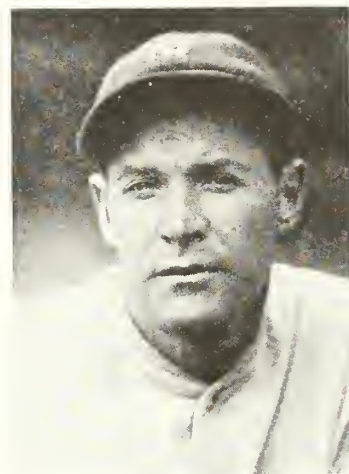
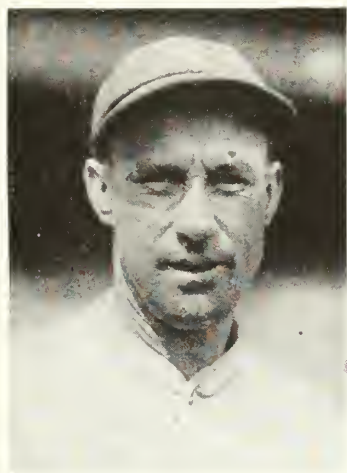
That game stands out as the thriller of my lifetime, but there was one other which almost approached it.

I refer to the first mid-summer all-star inter-league game in 1933. If you recall, the fans were allowed to vote their players into that game. Every day for weeks before the game, the papers carried the standing of the ballot, and from nowhere, there came a stout vote for me.

Well, naturally that made me very proud



Four of Jimmy Dykes's nominations for all-star honors among men he played against. At top, Urban "Red" Faber, Chicago White Sox pitcher when Jimmy was with the Athletics. The others were with the Yankees. Below, Everett Scott, shortstop. Left, Joe Dugan, third baseman. Right, Bob Meusel, outfielder



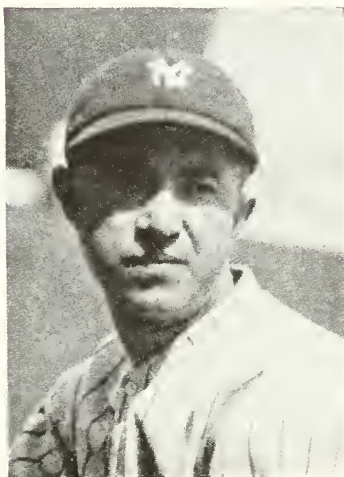
in Georgia, and was put in the Medical Corps. I was later transferred to U. S. General Hospital No. 10 at Parker Hill, Boston, whence I was discharged on Patriot's Day, of 1919, April 19th. I went in the Army weighing 169 and came out with the last two figures reversed.

You talk about soldiering!

In twenty-one years of major-league baseball, I've played with only two teams, the Athletics and the White Sox. I was in three World's Series, '29, '30 and '31.

Of course there will never be but one World's Series in my mind, and that was with the Cubs in '29.

We had won two games to open the series in Chicago. Coming to Philadelphia, the Cubs took the first game and we needed badly to win the next one before our Philadelphia fans, bringing



seventh and Hades broke loose. The whole line-up batted around once and several of us batted twice. Hits rattled off our bats at every angle and before

and as the votes were being finally tabulated and it looked like I might make the grade, I vowed that if I did, I'd play the game of my life.

Came the day and I played the entire nine innings, getting two hits, one of them off Carl Hubbell, a National Leaguer I had never faced before. I thought those nine innings and two hits were a pretty good record for an "old man" 37 years of age. Still think so, in fact.

Baseball has plenty of humorous sides, as well as serious ones. To this day I chuckle over a retort Bill Guthrie, the umpire, made to me one day when I differed with him on a pitched ball.

The ball went past me and he called it a strike.

I turned and gave him a dirty look.

"What's the matter, kid," he said.

"Well, Bill," (Continued on page 40)

JIMMY DYKES is the last World War veteran on the active list in major league baseball, which means that he can still, as Manager of the Chicago White Sox of the American League, send himself up to bat in a pinch, or even take his old place at third

base. Maybe Jimmy will do both of those things for his Legion buddies when his team plays Cleveland, with its Legion-raised Pitcher Bob Feller, at Comiskey Park in Chicago on two days of the National Convention next September

Bring the Family, Too

THE most rousing welcome of American Legion history — a booming good time at which future meetings are invited to aim, is ready now in Chicago for a quarter-million Legionnaires and their families who will register for the 1939 Legion Convention in late September.

When National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick suggested that you should bring the family with you this year to the convention, he must have had in mind the fact that Chicago is "the city which has everything."

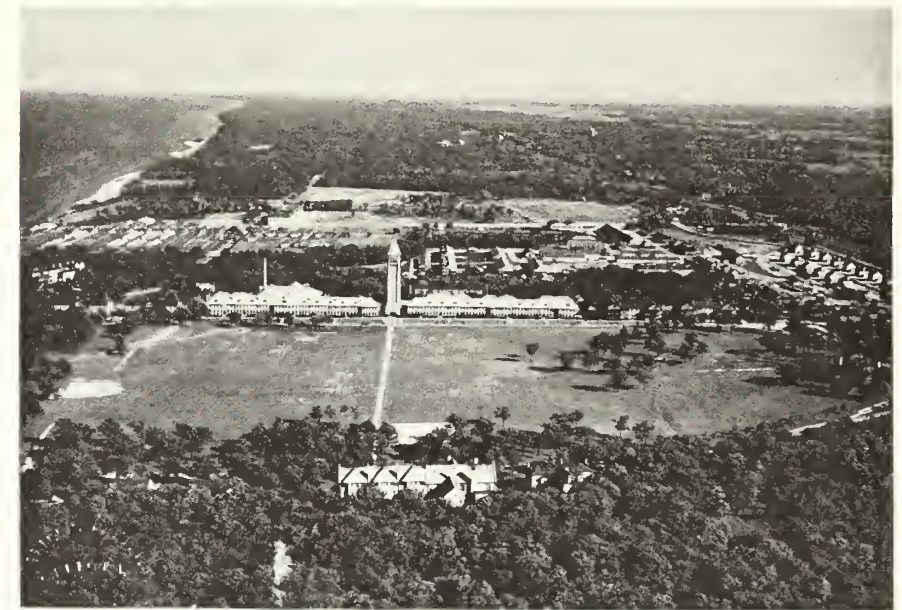
For hilarious fun, for recreation, for historical and educational research presented in attractive style, Chicago is unequaled. Truly, for young and old, Chicago has everything.

And so, to Commander Chadwick and to more than 1,000,000 members of The American Legion and the Auxiliary, our salute roars back: "Bring all the family! Chicago wants you, every one!"

A handful of special preparations, no more, will polish the 1939 convention site into a source of lasting pleasant memories for all who attend. For Chicago, metropolis of the resourceful Mississippi Valley, happens normally to be that sort of place.

Many of you who were with us here at the Legion Convention of 1933, a World's Fair year, will be among the thousands making a repeat visit in September. You will find the same fresh breezes off Lake Michigan, the same speedy tempo of the Loop, downtown, and you will find new improvements which all the family may enjoy.

One of the easily-accessible lakefront developments of peculiar interest to Legion Convention visitors should be mentioned right here: Soldier Field, rapidly nearing completion, will seat



The famous and familiar Fort Sheridan, Chicago's Army Post, winner of new laurels because of its anti-aircraft demonstrations. Below, they still turn out salty gobs at Great Lakes, the fresh water training station north of the city and just above the fort

some 101,000 persons by September 25th.

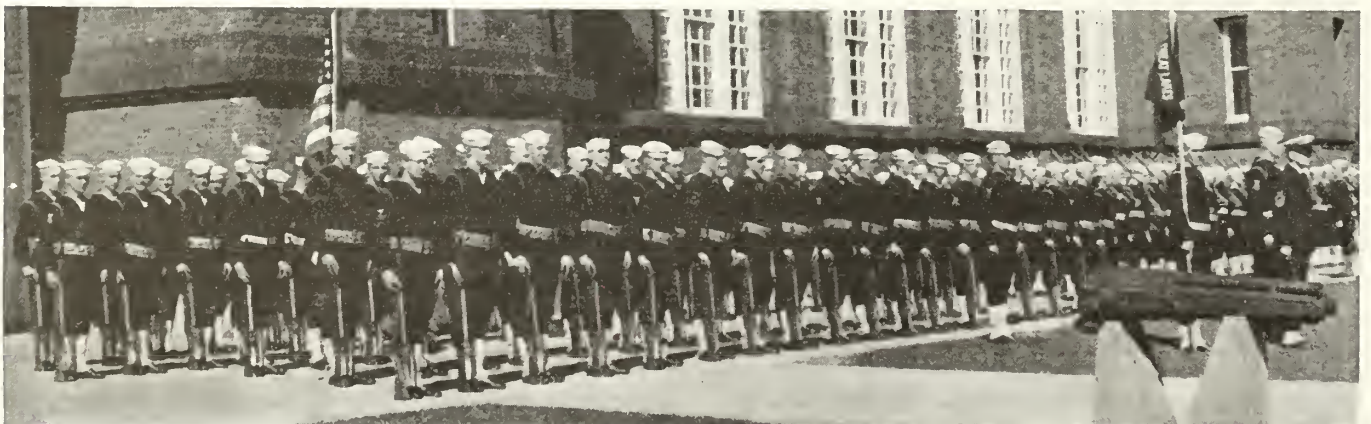
It is in Soldier Field that the Legion drum and bugle corps contests will be held the day and night of September 25th; it is through Soldier Field the colorful parade will wind the following day. And it is in Soldier Field the night of Wednesday, September 27th, that a gorgeous Legion pageant will unfold.

When you register for the convention you will receive admission to all these events, in their unmatched setting along the shore of Lake Michigan.

We anticipate that the average American Legion group, whether arriving by special train, boat, air line, bus, *hommes 40 chevaux* 8, or *en famille* in the faithful

jalopy, will reach Chicago on Sunday, September 24th.

Mindful of this, that very night a huge religious gathering will be held in Grant Park, in downtown Chicago, followed by a fireworks display on the adjacent lake shore. It is the kind of event



By
**COLONEL
A.A.SPRAGUE**

*President, American Legion
1939 Convention Corporation
of Chicago*

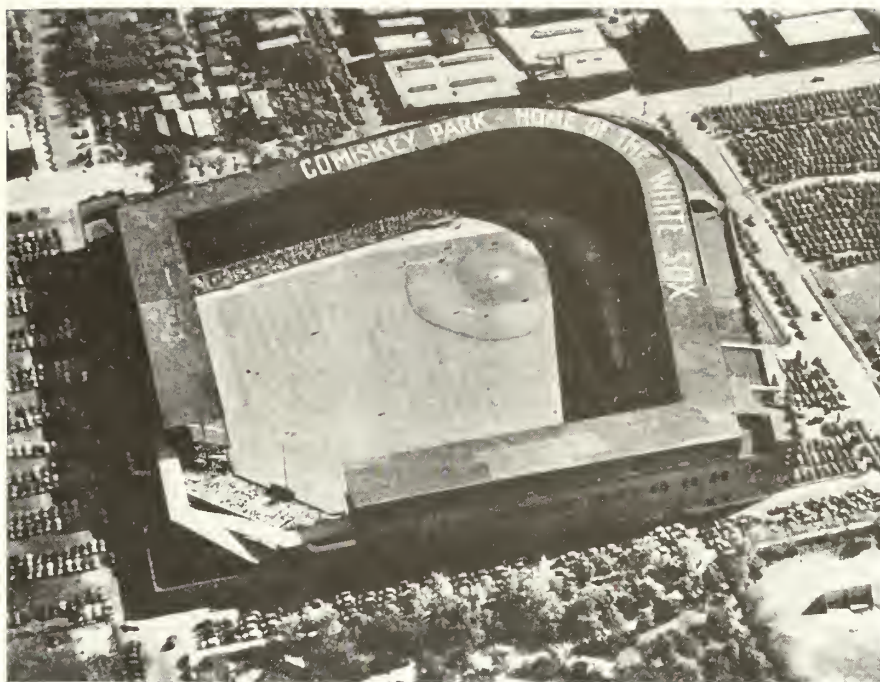
to remain engraved in the mind of young and old.

What more fitting introduction than this to our twenty-first, perhaps our most important convention?

Initial gatherings of The American Legion Auxiliary also are scheduled for Sunday. The American Legion choruses will contest and Sons of the American Legion will meet in individual drum and individual bugle events.

Many of the adults, unoccupied with these pre-convention activities, may choose a pilgrimage to Edward Hines Jr. United States Veterans Hospital at Hines, Illinois. Here in more than a dozen buildings is one of the largest and most famous of veterans' hospitals. Its cancer clinic has been the talk of the medical world—Hines was the first hospital to use radium in the treatment and cure of veterans' ailments. At all times it is a mecca for those concerned with service work.

Hines is reached by elevated and bus



Comiskey Park, home of Legionnaire Jimmy Dykes's White Sox. They'll be entertaining Cleveland on two of the convention days

available by steam and electric railroad. For many former sailors Great Lakes will mean homecoming. For others, the appeal will lie in the novelty of an inland port manned and administered by the Navy.

Just south of Great Lakes lies Fort Sheridan, where Regular Army troops are stationed and where hundreds and

the convention. Troops at Sheridan are partially equipped with the new army uniform, the new rifle.

Back to the other side of Chicago now in this survey of suggested objectives for your leisure convention moments.

Rosenwald Industrial Museum, housed in the rebuilt Fine Arts building of 1893 World's Fair—reputed the finest architecture in the entire country—is being completed as this is written.

The outstanding principle of this Jackson Park attraction on Chicago's South Side is that the spectator is permitted to operate the machinery which comprises its exhibits. An actual coal mine will be in "production" for visiting Legionnaires.

Within easy walking distance of the Loop are the world-famous Art Institute, Field Museum of Natural History, Adler Planetarium, and the Shedd Aquarium. Any one of these is complete education and entertainment in itself.

Two miles north is the Chicago Historical Society, offering particular and outstanding information relative to Abraham Lincoln, his early life and his accomplishments. From Maine to California, from Great Lakes to Gulf, school children study the life of Lincoln. In the Historical Society's museum these studies will mature into reality.

Chicago's great department stores, its huge libraries, the three outstanding networks of radio—National Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System, Mutual Broadcasting System, all of which have seats available for guests in their Chicago studios, are other attractions.

Escorted free tours are conducted by the largest meat packers of the world at the Chicago Stockyards and visitors there are treated (*Continued on page 36*)



Table tennis and golf and other recreational activities are available, some of them free and the rest at modest fees, in Chicago's 205 parks and playgrounds

in something less than an hour from Chicago's loop.

Veterans, too, will be interested in visiting the U. S. Naval Station at Great Lakes, Illinois, a little more than thirty miles north of downtown Chicago,

hundreds of Legionnaires won commissions in World War days.

Fort Sheridan has been showing the way to other army posts in its anti-aircraft demonstrations and it is possible that one of these will be put on during

On, On to VICTORY

By
JOSEPH
J. GLEESON

THE long, hard winter of preparation for eventualities had passed and a none too mild spring had dawned. This found the Second Division Artillery Brigade fully prepared for a task of blasting the way for the heroic 9th and 23d Infantry Regiments and the Marine Brigade composed of the 5th and 6th Regiments.

The great spring drive of the German flying wedge had been stopped by Foch, with the aid of the British, who slowed them down to a walk with a beautiful tackle at Amiens.

The center was the next point; and with the down fourth and one to go, a certain group of boys from the Second Division were rushed in with orders to "hold that line." The French boys had found the odds too great and were giving ground at an alarming rate and before the world realized how serious the situation was, the boys from the Rhineland and points east had swept through center, the Chemin des Dames, and reached pay dirt at Château-Thierry.

Sleeves rolled up, every ounce of equipment which could be spared thrown away, a fight such as the world



"Watch that kid drive!"

had never before seen was being put on.

The guns of Battery D, 12th Field Artillery—as did others in the brigade—barked for 72 consecutive hours. Many of the men dropped exhausted beside

Illustration by
HARRY TOWNSEND

their barking guns. Some went west while sleeping.

The birds on the other side of the line disputed every inch. The old first section of the battery received a direct hit during the mixup, with most of the crew paying the price. This helped to make up the total of better than 9,000 boys killed or wounded in that now peaceful sector.

The Division was relieved on July 9th by more good American boys of other Divisions and retired to a so-called reserve position where its personnel was replenished by rookies who were given hasty instructions in the technique of hitting and ducking. Several of us stationed with the guns then carefully hidden in the woods which covered the beautiful hills, decided to ride back to the echelon on the banks of the Marne with hopes of a swim.

Our dreams were realized and the Marne, which had known so much horror, provided us with a few hours of relief from cootie torture. It was a bath long remembered.

Evening came and from a bed under an escort wagon with grass as a mattress the beautiful strains of a popu-

lar Hawaiian tune, marvelously played by one of the boys on his treasured harmonica, lulled us off to sleep.

Ten-thirty, July 14th, and a shrill whistle.

"Joe, get the gang headed back to the guns as we're (Continued on page 36)

**A WINNER
IN THE \$1500
PRIZE CONTEST**

MORE THAN A MILLION

ON JUNE 30th membership cards received by this magazine at its Indianapolis office showed a 1939 American Legion membership of 991,602, or 16,965 more than in the *entire year* 1938. Since there is a time lag between the recording of memberships in the 11,552 individual Posts and the receipt of the membership data at National Headquarters and at the office of the magazine, it is safe to say that before July 1st the Legion had attained, for the second time in its history, a membership of more than a million.

This time, there is every reason to believe, we shall keep our total at or above the million mark for years to come. For it is increasingly evident that World War veterans are more and more coming to appreciate that membership in the Legion is a privilege, affording too an unequalled opportunity for peacetime service for God and Country.

There have never been any attempts, this America of ours being a democracy, to strong-arm eligibles into the Legion, and while the very obvious benefits of association in the greatest ex-service organization in American history have been made known in one way or another so that he who ran might read, the blunt fact has remained that a great number of those who should be in our ranks have not taken the trouble to join. The average human being does only those things necessity forces on him. Nobody forced the million to join the Legion. They are the self-starters of the ex-service group, the doers.

THOSE newcomers who have joined with the Legionnaires of many years' standing to push the membership total over a million know that they are now members of an organization given a preferred rating by American opinion generally. A true cross-section of the nation, we Legionnaires represent no single class, no sectional group, no race or sect, but America itself. There is not a county in the continental limits of the nation in which the constituted authorities do not feel that the finest insurance for the proper functioning of government lies in the fact that the Legion membership in that county and in its individual cities and townships may be counted upon to serve the public interest in any emergency, promptly and intelligently and faithfully, whether the emergency be a disaster of nature or one brought about by man in his folly.

A million-and-more members of the Legion! It's a round, impressive figure, ensuring our being heard when we talk. A million-and-more who are determined that the orderly processes of government under the Constitution shall not be tampered with, that democracy shall not perish here, that the enemies within our borders, in the homely slang of our national game, "will not get to first base" in their attempts to make over this nation on the model of one of the authoritarian countries. The American, product of three hundred years of ever widening horizons of freedom and opportunity, will battle to the last ditch against introduction here of either fascism or

communism, which, though they profess to be worlds apart in their fundamentals, are so far as the individual citizen is concerned as alike as peas in a pod. Huge sums have been spent and are being spent here to make it appear that these anti-American notions of government are superior to democracy, because "they get things done." The agents of these powers take advantage of our democratic processes of freedom of speech, of press and of assembly to denounce our way of life in an attempt to confuse us into a betrayal of our birthright.

THE Legion of a million-and-more is an effective answer to these incitements to clamor from within our borders. The Legion believes in the future of this nation, believes passionately that whatever injustices there may be in the governmental system under which we live are being wiped out, surely if gradually. The Constitution under which we are proud to live has shown itself to be elastic enough to take care of changing conditions in our social and economic life.

For the past several years business and economic conditions have been at a low ebb here and in the world at large, and the constant threat of war hanging over the nations has tended to accentuate the depression in every land. Our fathers knew the grinding despair of economic stagnation, and we who have been familiar with our own country for the past forty years remember that when the continental frontiers disappeared it was said generally that there was no more opportunity for American youth. We were that "American youth," and we remember the way in which the nation came out of financial and business distress and despite a bloody and costly war established a structure of prosperity greater than that any country had ever enjoyed.

The Legion, believing in America and in the soundness of its institutions, believing as its individual members believed in 1917 and 1918 that it is a country worth working for and if necessary dying for, looks to the future with confidence. Our democracy is the result of centuries of struggle, and we are the heirs of gallant souls in all the ages who went to their death in that fight—dying that their children and their children's children might have a better, a more rounded life. We carry on in a great tradition.

In a very practical way that million-and-more in The American Legion means a more vital service to our disabled comrades, a broadening of our child welfare activities, a solidifying of our national defense endeavors, a quickening of our multifarious Americanism projects, headed by Boys' State and Junior Baseball, an enlargement of our community service work—a broadening and deepening of our contribution to the welfare of all America.

To paraphrase one of George Washington's best known sayings, the Legion when it assumed the duties of the citizen did not lay aside the qualities of the soldier. In peace as in war we serve but one interest, that of the United States of America.

GREW ALL AROUND....

It Takes a Heap o' Cuttin' to Make a Lawn Look Right

By Wallgren

COMRADE McSHIRK
- JUST RETURNED FROM
HIS ANNUAL TWO WEEKS
VACATION - DISCOVERS
THAT THE GRASS HE
INTENDED TO CUT JUST
BEFORE HE LEFT - AND
FORGOT - HAS GONE RIGHT
ON GROWING ALL DURING
HIS ABSENCE



The S A P

By
**EARLE C.
JAMESON**

*Illustration
by V.E. PYLES*

ON THE day after Company B took over the front line Private Jenkins was singled out for special duty.

"You got big ears, Jenkins," the lieutenant said, "listening post for you tonight, fourth trick, and see if you can gum that up."

When the lieutenant had gone the gang in the dugout gave Jenkins three cheers and a groan, the cheers because they liked the gangling farm boy, the groan because they feared the worst, for Jenkins, nicknamed Jinx, always did everything wrong.

A clerk's error had sent Jenkins to this strange regiment of East Side New Yorkers when he had been separated from his outfit by a week's hospitalization and his nickname had come to him soon afterward through a series of misfortunes. He had dropped his rifle during a regimental inspection, he had passed the reviewing stand in a brigade parade

A WINNER IN THE \$1500 PRIZE CONTEST

with one of his painfully-wrapped puttees trailing in the dust and of course it had to be an immaculate staff major whom he had ruined on a companionway of the transport under the stress of violent—and sudden—seasickness. And, when other blunders followed, Jenkins had cheerfully admitted that his nickname fitted him—perfectly.

"You're in the Army now, you're not behind the plow—"

The platoon was chanting the song for Jenkins' benefit, but he hardly heard. He was wondering if his platoon commander, in giving (*Continued on page 38*)



It was then he disobeyed orders,
by firing the pistol



Solarium and therapeutic pool given by the Legion and Auxiliary of Bergen County, New Jersey, for the rehabilitation of suffering and disabled children. The pool is a part of the Bergen Pines Hospital, specially designed to fit the needs of that institution

A MILE *of* PENNIES



A MILE of pennies sounds like a lot of cash money, much more, in fact, than the actual total in dollars and cents of the number of small copper coins required, if laid down side by side, to stretch out over the full length of the 5,280 feet in a standard mile. But in Bergen County, New Jersey, where it all began as a project of the Auxiliary County Organization, this mile of pennies now adds up to the means of restoring to health, to happiness and the chance to lead normal, useful lives by children of today and of years to come, whose number cannot be estimated, who suffer from the devastating after-effects of infantile paralysis.

The mile of pennies also adds up to the finest piece of humanitarian and community service work the Bergen County Legion and Auxiliary have ever accomplished—the construction and presentation of a solarium and therapeutic pool to the county hospital, dedicated to the service of suffering children. The total cost was in the neighborhood of \$16,000—many miles of pennies—and as an evidence of the public interest in the movement more than 9,000 persons

turned out to witness the dedication ceremonies and the formal presentation.

The idea was developed from a plan conceived by the Auxiliary to install a wading pool for children at Bergen Pines, the Bergen County hospital, where many children were under treatment and where, for years, members of the Legion and Auxiliary made an annual pilgrimage. The original plans contemplated a cost of something less than \$1,000. The project was outlined at the

1936 Auxiliary County Convention by Mrs. Jane Wray, Past County President, who suggested raising "a mile of pennies" to complete the work. Less than a year later, when that goal had been reached, after conferences with Dr. Joseph R. Morrow, Superintendent of Bergen Pines Hospital, the plans were expanded to meet one of the greatest needs of the institution, a therapeutic pool with modern equipment and appliances.

The County organization of the Legion, then commanded by Ralph H. Knettle, joined with the Auxiliary and adopted the Auxiliary plans as a joint project. A building committee representing the two groups, headed by Robert A. Becker and Mrs. Wray, was created and, acting with Dr. Morrow and other hospital authorities, the finest type of solarium and pool was planned. All that remained to do was to raise the necessary funds.

When County Commander Moe Katzman was installed in office at the 1937 County Convention, he pledged that the funds would be raised. The Posts were at work and had contributed from their own funds. Mrs. Emilie Marie Cosgrove, Commander of Bergen County Post—composed entirely of women veterans, the only women's Post in New Jersey—raised \$300 by means of a novel chart, a plan of the proposed pool with stone



blocks drawn in. Subscribers bought blocks, each contributor signing the block purchased. When completed the chart held more than 500 signatures. Other fund-raising ideas were adopted, many of which could be adopted with profit by Posts engaged in community service enterprises, but the one big event that brought the campaign to a successful finish was a giant bingo party, held at the Teaneck Armory. The party was attended by 20,000 people and something more than \$10,000 was added to the pool fund.

Now something about the solarium and pool, all of which may suggest to some other Post a similar service and be useful

There is circulation of water, filtration, chlorinization and provision for heating the water to the proper temperature, which is usually ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The water which is to be used in this pool can be had from the public supply or from an artesian well on the grounds.

Formal presentation of the great glass-enclosed pool, culminating three years of work by the Bergen County Legion and Auxiliary was made by County Commander Raymond R. Roemer and County President



Voyageurs of Marion County (Oregon) Voiture turn out to move the Salem Y. W. C. A. into new quarters. Not all are there, but the group includes the Chef de Gare and one Past Department Commander of Oregon

in drafting preliminary plans. The building housing the pool is fifty-five by twenty-five feet and is of the conservatory type of construction with graceful and artistic lines. As one of the most modern of solaria and therapeutic pools, everything about it is designed for a special purpose, and is so constructed as to permit recreational bathing as well as the bathing of patients in the prescribed routine of hydro-therapy courses. The incline and slant of the bottom of the pool, beginning at one end and attaining a depth of four feet at the opposite end, allow patients to walk into the water and swim. However, those patients who have extensive paralysis of groups of muscles may receive the required massage and treatment. A ramp along one side of the pool allows the attendants to deliver the patients to the plinth for treatment.

The entire pool and floor of the solarium are tiled. Sun treatments, either natural or artificial, are given on the sun deck at one end of the building.

Caroline Hilbert to Dr. Samuel Alexander, Institutions Chairman of the Board of Freeholders, using a four-foot model, who then turned it over to Dr. Morrow, Director of the Bergen Pines Hospital.

In his speech of acceptance Dr. Morrow termed the pool one of the most modern examples for the practice of hydro-therapy. "You will be well rewarded in the years to come," he said, "with the knowledge of having saved

The big and little of Arthur H. Evans Post, Burlington, Colorado — Reuben Pratt, six feet, ten inches, weight 370, and C. L. Magee, five feet, one inch, weighing 125 pounds

the lives of many children and promising young citizens. Here children will be rehabilitated so that they may lead useful, active and independent lives in the communities from which they come."

The accolade for public service was given by a local newspaper: "The Legionnaires and their women aides may well be proud of their contribution to the hospital, which, after all, is a contribution to the health and well-being of the entire community. All the return they receive for their \$16,000 gift is the satisfaction of knowing that they have done something to help the unfortunate, and to the Legion that is ample compensation."

For Distinguished Service

THE Department of Pennsylvania, always active in Americanism work, was the 1938 winner and was awarded the W. R. Hearst Americanism Trophy





Past Department Commander Bill Smith and Clinton M. File, 1938 Americanism Chairman, take a good look at the Hearst Trophy, won by Pennsylvania for intensive Americanism work

for its notable work and outstanding achievement under the leadership of Department Commander William F. Smith, and Clinton M. File, Chairman of the Department Americanism Committee. Other members of the Committee were Roy Keitzer, of Pittsburgh; Dr. Leon Braunstein, of Scranton; R. P. Brewer, of Kennett Square, and Michael Markowitz, of Kingston.

The Pennsylvania program for 1938 was a broad and comprehensive one, covering almost every phase of Legion activity, and as a matter of interest to other Departments, as well as a stimulant, the Step Keeper is pleased to review the seventeen points which were the deciding factors in sending the splendid trophy to the Keystone State:

Secured fifty scholarships through State Senators to Penn State College, University of Pennsylvania, University of Pittsburgh and Temple University. These scholarships were awarded to

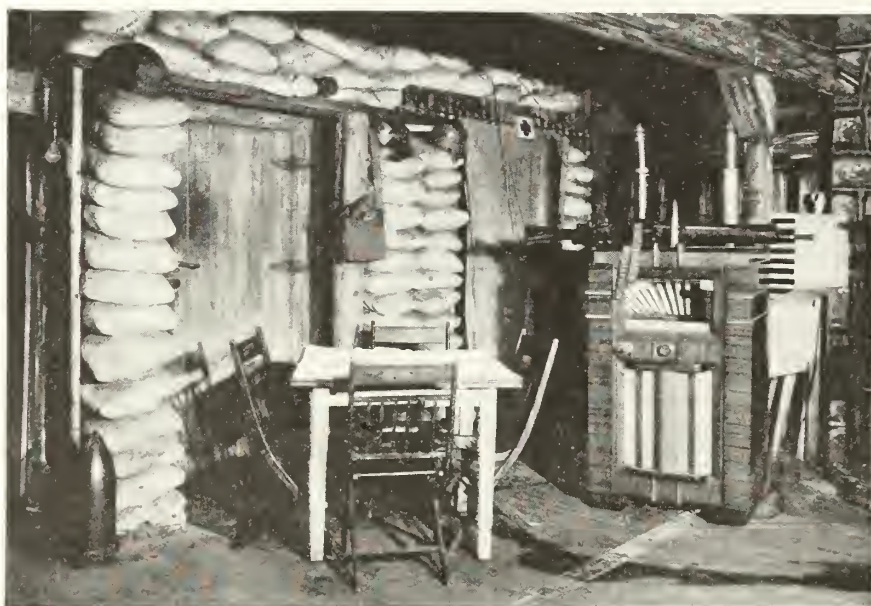
winners in the Department essay contest, in which more than 20,000 students participated. More than 2,000 School Award Medals were given to boys and girls for meritorious work, and cooperated with the American Legion Auxiliary in sponsoring scholarships for boys and girls in many colleges in the State. For the third consecutive year the Department sponsored the Keystone Boys' State, with 650 boys in attendance and with the junior counselors drawn from among students at various colleges. The

Naturalization services were held in several courts, and welcome meetings for new citizens were sponsored.

In the field of Junior Baseball, Posts in the Department put 27,000 boys into play and continued the program for a period of five months. More than two hundred and fifty Posts sponsored junior basketball teams for the Department competition and tournament. Extending, or continuing, the junior musical program the Committee was able to report more than 175 active junior drum and bugle corps and bands at the close of the year. This program is, of course, closely tied in with the activities of the Sons of The American Legion, to which especial attention is always given. The Department had 350 Squadrons with a membership in excess of 8,500. Special summer activities include camping trips, rifle competition, and other character- and confidence-building sports.

During the year, as a contribution to Americanism, the Department and Posts sponsored a series of radio broadcasts making an appeal for a re-dedication to American principles and institutions, and a number of Americanism meetings were held at various places in the State. In an effort to present a united front, contacts were made with forty-five patriotic organizations, all committed to combat subversive movements and un-American influences.

And that, comrades, just highlights the Americanism efforts of Pennsylvania's Legion.



Looks just like the real thing. If you're homesick for a bit of the old trench on the Argonne front, Harold A. Taylor Post, Chicago, will make you feel at home



educational work was not confined to those regularly enrolled in schools and colleges but was carried on by many Posts, to include adults by means of citizenship classes for aliens, and assisted them in preparation for naturalization.

A Chicago Dugout

CHICAGO Posts are making preparation to give the good old welcome to the visiting comrades when they come to town to attend the National Convention

next September 25th to 28th—with, it is hoped, a few days before and after. Many of the Posts have spread the welcome mat and are all ready to roll down the red carpet when the conventionnaires arrive. And, take it from an old timer, these Chicago lads are experts in the art of entertainment. The invitation is general, but here is a special one.

Harold A. Taylor Post, whose unusual and unique club house is located at 1358

tanglements, and stumps of trees. A large assortment of war relics complete the picture which is set off by two wicked looking machine guns.

"The entire construction and decoration of the dugout is the work of members of the Post. All of the scenes painted are authentic, reflecting an experience of the artist. We think our dugout is different and



mander Glen Crawford, of Cass County Post, Logansport, Indiana, (no, this is not the Glenn Crawford who handles the check book at National Headquarters), tells the Step Keeper that his Post has the unique distinction of having three sets of twins on its rolls. And that is not half of the story—these twins have been on the rolls ever since the Post was organized. That, opines Commander Crawford,

constitutes a real record.

"These three sets of twins," says the Commander, "were born in Logansport, and all graduated from Logansport schools. They were all members of the first Boy Scout Troop organized in our city, and all are charter members of Cass County Post. All of them have held offices in the Post and all continue active membership."

In the picture, which was taken at the twentieth birthday celebration at the Post home, (which the Commander says was the first Legion home in Indiana), Legionnaires Melvin and Herbert Greensfelder, left to right, are in the front row; rear row, in the same order, are Legionnaires Dan D. and Albert F. Drompp and Louis and Dewey Schmidt.



Three pairs of twins are all-time members of Cass County Post, Logansport, Indiana—the Greensfelder, Drompp and Schmidt boys

North Clark Street—remember that address, 1358 North Clark Street—sends out word that all visiting Legionnaires will be welcomed. And they have something to show the old veterans, especially those who have a lingering nostalgia for the trenches and dugouts of twenty years ago. Introducing Past Commander Guy Woodson, who bids you come to the Chicago Convention and to Harold A. Taylor Post:

"The members of Harold A. Taylor Post wondered just how it would feel to get back into the trenches again, so they have constructed a complete network of trenches and dugouts and shelters in the basement of their clubhouse, which is located within a stone's throw of the Convention center and activities. Everything appears just as it was at the 'jumping-off' place at St. Mihiel or in the Meuse-Argonne. All of the old familiar signs are there in French and English, with the usual array of gas masks, helmets and bandoleers scattered about. This is the Post lounge room and meeting place for thousands of Legionnaires, their families and friends.

"The clubhouse is a three-story stone and brick structure with a nicely furnished parlor on the main floor, but it is in the basement dugout that the members gather to read, to visit, and to tell war stories. Perhaps that is a natural reaction—to be able to really get some pleasure out of the trenches at last, instead of just standing, waiting with keyed nerves, for the barrage to lift. On entering the wide main trench one imagines that he is several feet below ground, with a short lookout on no-man's land—ruins of a French village, barbed-wire en-

we think you'll like it. You're welcome to visit Taylor Post dugout and make a stay of it when you come to Chicago for the National Convention in September."

Twins, Three Pairs

FROM time to time we have had reports of unusual membership combinations in various Posts, but here is a ringer from the Hoosier State. Com-

Vigo Post's Youth Program

COLONEL Francis Vigo Post, New York City, which bears the name of a distinguished (Continued on page 56)



Colonel Francis Vigo Post, New York City, goes in strong for youth training—just a few of its regularly enrolled juniors, members of the Drum and Bugle Corps, Army Cadets, Navy Cadets, and Junior Red Cross

MARY'S LITTLE LAMBS



DOES the nickname, "America's Sweetheart," bring back memories to you? Does it recall those pre-war days when the shadow folk of the moving-picture screen were gradually emerging from the anonymity in which they had been enveloped and we learned to know them by name? And does it remind you particularly of a tiny person with golden curls who was then and continued for years to be the star of stars—both of the silent and of the talking movies? You're right. We're talking about Mary Pickford who, if she so willed it, could still take her place in the foremost rank with the players who have since risen to fame.

Mary Pickford's name may not now appear often in lights on the marquees of the theaters, but her fame remains with the men who served during the World War. And that's true particularly of the soldiers at Camp Kearney, California, who were her fairly-close neighbors twenty-odd years ago, and of the Legionnaires who are still her neighbors in Southern California. Because of the high esteem in which she is held, Mary Pickford will be a distinguished guest of The American Legion at its Twentieth National Convention in Chicago, September 25th to 28th.

Announcement of Miss Pickford's acceptance of the Legion's invitation brought an interesting incident to the mind of W. E. Jacobs of Police Post of the Legion, who wears shield No. 1976

of the Hollywood Division of the Los Angeles Police Department. Comrade Jacobs, whose home is at 500 North Flores, Los Angeles, shares this story and its supporting snapshot with all of our Then and Now Gang. Let's go:

"As all veterans doubtlessly recall, the fall of '17 brought on uncounted gridiron battles between various service units—not the least of these on the West Coast being a contest between the 144th Field Artillery (the 'California Grizzlies') and its nextdoor neighbor in Camp Kearney, the 143d Field Artillery ('Mary Pickford's Own,' but more commonly known to us fellows of the Grizzly outfit as 'Mary's Little Lambs.')

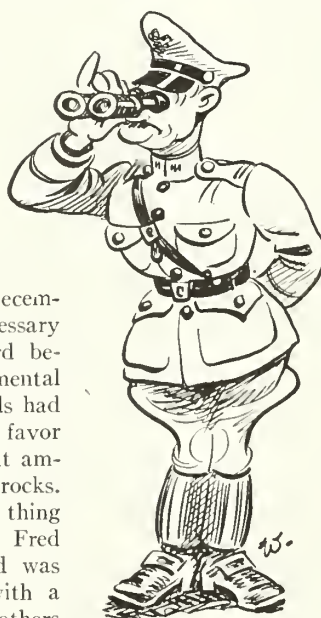
On the night before the big game, which was played on December 8, 1917, it was necessary to post a special guard between the two regimental areas, as throwing words had finally been discarded in favor of throwing more potent ammunition—clods and rocks. The game itself was a thing of beauty. Lieutenant Fred Thompson of the 143d was carried off the field with a broken leg and many others

Mary Pickford poses with a cop and a mailman, both Legionnaires, at Legion tree-planting exercises in Hollywood, California. You'll see Mary at the National Convention in Chicago

of both squads carried bruises and black eyes too numerous to mention.

"Time marches on! The enclosed snapshot, taken at tree-planting exercises conducted by Hollywood Post of the Legion last summer, shows our own Mary Pickford having animated conversation with a policeman, who happens to be me, while the bystanders apparently smile at the dialogue. Just before the snapshot was taken, Postmaster Mary Briggs had asked that one of 'her boys' be included in the picture which Miss Pickford had consented to pose with me. As the mailcarrier, Morris Denton of Milton Kanode Post in Los Angeles, stepped up he said to Miss Pickford, 'Yes, I should be in this picture as I was one of your boys at Camp Kearney.'

"Mary replied, 'Oh, you were with Colonel Baneuf and the 143d?' 'Yes,' said





Denton, and at that moment I chimed in with 'Well, isn't that nice. I was with the 144th and we took Mary's little lamb away from your fellows during the big football game.' The big laugh came when she whirled around and said to me, 'So, *you* were the one that threw rocks at my boys!'

"Well, it is a small world after all, and here we are twenty years later peacefully serving the public, Denton in

the real break—being neighbors to one of the most ultra de luxe communities in the entire United States—Newport, Rhode Island. The Naval Training Station is near that city of historical and social importance. There are located the summer "cottages"—palatial residences—of the wealthy of New York and the East. And close by those estates is the famed Bailey's Beach, swimmin' hole of the rich, exclusive beyond words.

We're not saying that the gobs were welcomed into these homes, though that may also be true, but we do know from a letter received from Past Commander Roy D. Housh of Heart of America



were inseparable during our yeoman schooling at Newport, but since I left the school in the fall of 1917 I have not been able to locate either of my good friends. I have been through Peoria and Newton and tried to find them, but without success. Perhaps if they see their pictures, they will write to me.

"That period at Newport was mighty interesting to us rookies. We were kept in quarantine for the first three weeks there and during that time had the uncomfortable job of learning to sleep in hammocks. We drilled each morning and in the afternoon attended the Yeoman School. One of our most disagreeable tasks was that of keeping our whites clean. We used salt-water soap and a stiff scrub-brush to do our washing.

"Each week-end we spent in the city of Newport and during the summer of 1917 we mingled with the swells at Bailey's Beach. I have often wondered who the six girls were who posed for me on the beach. They were from Fall River, Massachusetts, and perhaps some fellow Legionnaires in that city may recognize them.

"Every Saturday we had Captain's Inspection and had to have our clothes and equipment in tip-top shape. We went through many forms of drills on the grounds at the Training Station, with the old U. S. S. *Constitution* (or was it the *Constellation*) lying at anchor in the harbor."

"**JOIN** the Infantry and See the world —on Foot." That slogan, facetiously adopted by the hike-weary doughboys



The above sextet of feminine pulchritude was snapped on exclusive Bailey's Beach, Newport, Rhode Island, by a gob snaphooter in 1917. Gobs from the nearby Naval Training Station had freedom of the beach. Right, what the well-dressed sailor wore for an ocean dip at that beach

the Mail Service and I in the Police Department, both Legionnaires of many years standing, and Mary joining her 'boys' at the Legion's National Convention in September. Possibly some of the other survivors of that hectic Friday night and Saturday afternoon in 1917 will get a kick out of this picture as Comrade Denton and I did when the snapped incident happened."

THE war was a great leveler of social barriers, as we all remember, and that leveling extended even beyond the men in the ranks, to civilians. Many of us can recall being not only accepted but welcomed into homes which, except for the uniform, would never have been opened to us. Location of training camps and stations had, of course, something to do with the sort of parties and dances that were staged in nearby towns and cities, and the nature of the homes in which enlisted men as well as officers were entertained.

Leave it to the gobs, though, for getting

Post of the Legion in Kansas City, whose offices are at 640 Board of Trade Building in that Mid-West metropolis, that the gobs "ashore" were given the freedom of Bailey's Beach. To clinch his story, ex-Yeoman Housh sent along the pictures showing what the well-dressed gob of 1917 wore in the way of bathing attire on Bailey's Beach, and the sextet of 1917 feminine loveliness, that are reproduced. Want to know what Housh reported? O. K., read on:

"A couple of old shipmates of mine at Newport Naval Training Station in 1917 will probably get the shock of their lives and also a good laugh if you use the snap-shot picture of them that I am enclosing. And if any of the girls in the other snap should see themselves as they were during that first year of the war, the styles of that period should give them a giggle also.

"The two bathing 'beauties' are Earl Heaton, formerly of Peoria, Illinois, on the left, and a lad named Lewis, who hailed from Newton, Kansas. We three



during the war, certainly fitted the situation. And that went for other branches of the service besides the Infantry. But the fact remains that we did see France, and some of us England, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Siberia, Luxembourg, the Rhineland of Germany and other countries.

It's a far cry from those hectic days



of hikes to the fairly-recent visit to the old A. E. F. stamping grounds that was made by John Whitaker, Jr., of Camden, South Carolina, ex-sergeant in Company B, 117th Engineers, Rainbow Division. Thousands of veterans have been lucky enough to make the trip back to France—remember the Second and Third A. E. F.'s that the Legion conducted?—but I warrant comparatively few have done it in style as Legionnaire Whitaker did. The two views of the war-wrecked château at St. Benoit which you see in these pages came from Whitaker with this travelogue:

"I drove my car all over the old battle-grounds summer before last—Château-Thierry, Champagne, the Meuse-Argonne area, St. Mihiel, Lunéville and way places—and the only thing I saw that was exactly as we left it in 1918 was the château at St. Benoit. I am enclosing snapshots showing the rear of the château and also the main entrance door.

"With another couple, Mrs. Whitaker and I left Camden on July 15, 1937, drove to New York in my car and sailed on the *Bremen*, taking the car along. Arriving in Cherbourg, we drove to Paris for a week's visit and then started our tour by driving to Château-Thierry, on to Fère-en-Tardenois and Serpy, and stopped at the Oise-Aisne American Cemetery, where quite a number of our Rainbow boys are buried. We went on through the Argonne and stopped at Exermont, where I had my platoon in October, 1918, for two or three weeks while the advance had stopped but which on November 1st got going again until we ended up to the right of Sedan when the Armistice went into effect. We drove then to Montfaucon where we saw the impressive American Meuse-Argonne Memorial just three days before its official dedication.

"After spending the night in Metz, we proceeded to St. Benoit, where I took

Few scars of the war are now seen by tourists in France, but the château at St. Benoit still stands as it did in September, 1918, after destruction by the enemy. Above, a rear view; at right, the main entrance to what was once a palatial home

the pictures of the old château. This was a particularly interesting spot to me. During the St. Mihiel Offensive of September 12th, my platoon was assigned to the cutting of barbed wire ahead of the infantry advance and the job was properly taken care of that morning. We continued with the advance until about the third night when we stopped in the woods before St. Benoit. Later we started the job of the outlining of a system of trenches, should they be needed for defense, in front of St. Benoit. We worked

at night because of the closeness of the enemy lines, but one morning we worked later than usual as the visibility was poor. A plane with French insignia flew over us and circled so low several times that the pilot or gunner waved to us, which was unusual. After a minute, our anti-aircraft opened fire on the plane when the German artillery started pounding our lines. No doubt it was a French plane captured and used by the Germans.

"Later that morning the Germans opened fire on the château, using their heaviest guns. The first shell hit very close to my

platoon and about the third shell made a direct hit on the château. They centered their shelling on the château, which caught fire and burned for a couple of days. And the ruins still remain.

"Then we visited the American St. Mihiel Memorial on Mont Sec and continued along the old front line—Baccarat and Lunéville. Spent the night in Strass-

bourg, crossed the Rhine the next morning and drove through the Black Forest, Heidelberg, Mainz, Koblenz, Sinzig, Remagen, Bonn and then into Köln (Cologne.) We visited what was then still Austria, stopped at Innsbruck in the Tyrolian Alps, then through Brenner Pass into Italy—Venice, Florence, Rome, Spezia, Genoa, back to France, through Switzerland, down to Paris, via our old stamping-grounds, Langres, Romelpont, Humes, Chaumont. To Bologne, across the Channel by boat, three days in London, thence to Southampton for the ship that brought us home.

"The battlefields of France now are mostly beautiful fields of grain, the destroyed towns are now new and fresh.



There are but few old scars on the old front; the old château at St. Benoit was the outstanding exception—just as we left it in 1918."

SOUVENIRS de guerre! Many and varied were the trophies that American sailors and soldiers and marines brought home with them from the war, but we have learned about a trophy that must be rated among the best of them if not the outstanding one of all. It all started through a letter we received in March, 1938, from Legionnaire Walter D. Kipp of Charlemont, Massachusetts, in which he reported modestly that he had "a souvenir of the World War, a very unusual trophy, one that is probably the only one of its kind in America." Unusual was correct. It was the standard of the former Emperor of Austria-Hungary that had actually flown over his Imperial Highness's head during the war, which Comrade Kipp had brought home with him from the surrendered Austro-Hungarian ship *Radetzky*, to which Kipp had been attached. Kipp continued: "Could you give me the names of any organizations that have large World



War trophy collections, and might be interested in this flag? I have had the flag for twenty years and it is really too good for one individual to have in his home."

We immediately suggested the Museum of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and after a passage of some months, Comrade Kipp generously presented the flag to the Academy. We show a picture of Walter D. Kipp with his prize naval trophy, and we want Harold S. Kilgore, ex-10th Engineer, and fellow member with Kipp in Charlemont (Massachusetts) Post of the Legion, to tell the story:

"About twenty-two years ago, when the United States went to the aid of the Allies in the World War, Walter D. Kipp, a young Dartmouth graduate, enlisted in the United States Navy with the parting remark, 'I'll be back home just as soon as I catch the Kaiser!'

"Comrade Kipp did not bring home the Kaiser but he did accomplish a small part of his ambitions by gaining one of the finest trophies taken by the Navy during the entire war. The trophy is the standard of the



been one of Comrade Kipp's most prized possessions until just recently when he presented it to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis where it will hang on the museum walls with numerous other trophies gathered during the many and various engagements of our Navy since 1812.

"In negotiating for the flag to be presented to the Academy, Comrade Kipp received a number of letters from navy men of high rank, urging him to make this fine gift to Annapolis. One from W. C. I. Stiles, Commander, U. S. Navy, retired, pointed out that few World War trophies adorned the walls of the Academy and that, in reality, very few existed.

"Rear Admiral Wilson Brown, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, has acknowledged receipt of the flag and describes it as follows: 'This standard, measuring seven feet, ten inches, by seven feet, seven inches, is very interesting as its emblazonry consists of the arms of Austria (double black eagle, each head surmounted by the Imperial Crown of Austria; the dexter claw holding the orb surmounted by the cross of the Teu-



Walter D. Kipp with the trophy he presented to the Naval Academy in Annapolis—an Austrian Imperial Standard taken from a surrendered Austrian battleship in the Ionian Sea during the war

in Latin script letters, the following: "Standarte Sr. Majestat des Kaisers und Königs," which translated reads "Standard of his Majesty, the Emperor and King."

"Now principal of the Charlemont, Massachusetts, high school, Comrade Kipp entered the Navy in March, 1917, taking a three-months' training course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Upon completing training he was appointed an Ensign and was ordered to active duty as commanding

officer of the Submarine Chaser 256 for service in European waters.

"The 256 was one of the first twelve submarine chasers to make the long and hazardous trip across the Atlantic. Leaving New London, Connecticut, the small craft arrived at Gibraltar via Bermuda, to join the Otranto mobile barrage that stretched between Fano Island, Greece, and Cape Santa Mariadi Louce, Italy, with the object of bottling German and Austrian submarines in the Adriatic Sea.

"As history shows, the incessant vigilance of the subchasers and their allied ships made the barrage a success, halting in large measure the numerous sinkings that had been taking place before.

"Soon after the signing of the Armistice the 256

was ordered to Cattaro and Spalato on the Dalmatian coast and it was at this time that the Austrian fleet surrendered to the U. S. Naval Forces by choice, rather (Continued on page 58)



Members of the Siberian Snow Dogs on the transport Logan en route to their homes in April, 1919. Right center, bare-headed, is Warren C. Grimm, who lost his life in the Centralia, Washington, Armistice Day tragedy in 1919. Is the other bare-headed young officer, upper right, our present National Commander?

former Emperor of Austria-Hungary that was taken at the time the Austrian flagship *Radetzky* surrendered to the U. S. Naval Forces at Corfu, Greece, on November 14, 1918. This standard has

tonic order), the eight royal crowns of the arms of the Kingdom of Hungary and the fourteen arms of the duchies, principalities, counties and provinces of Austria. It has written on it, on the hoist, in ink

Bring the Family, Too

(Continued from page 23)

royally. A visitors' gallery is open at the Chicago Board of Trade, overlooking the trading pits of the world's largest grain market. Its building is one of many towering observation posts from which one may inspect this second largest American city.

And now just a moment's diversion, solely for the youngsters who will be with us in September.

Chicago has 205 parks and playgrounds, all well-policed. We suggest a brief bus ride to Lincoln Park Zoo, or an elevated and bus ride to Brookfield Zoo.

Besides a well-rounded, highly educational assortment of animal and bird life, Lincoln Zoo features Bushman, a ten-year-old gorilla, as its headliner.

At Brookfield, where the outdoor habitats of animals have been recreated to a marvelous degree, the children will anxiously stand in line for a glimpse of Mei Mei, young giant panda, as well advertised today as the famous Teddy Bear.

Twenty-eight miles of shore line, much of it accessible by bus, are available to the children, too.

Or perhaps they have read of Bob Feller, Iowa schoolboy pitching sensation of the American League. Maybe Junior would like to see him, huh? And Dad, too! They should. Feller was discovered and developed through The American Legion's junior baseball program. He is the Legion's outstanding gift to baseball.

Well, they'll have opportunity to see

Feller in Chicago. Both the St. Louis Browns and the Cleveland Indians, the latter Feller's club, meet Legionnaire Jimmy Dykes' White Sox at Comiskey Park, Chicago, during the convention dates. The Browns are scheduled here September 23, 24 and 25. Cleveland will play September 26 and 27.

Chicago's other big league entry, the National League Champion Cubs of 1938, launch their final 1939 league series with the St. Louis Cardinals on September 29, the day after the Legion Convention officially closes.

The fact that some of the educational reasons you will bring the family to the convention at Chicago have been mentioned first, must not be taken to indicate that adult fun and frolic will be neglected.

Chicago's theatrical season will be in full swing the latter part of September. Current hits will wink in lights of the marquees on the Rialto, the downtown amusement section. Night clubs, of which the leading hotels are the foremost exponents, will be open wide to Legionnaires.

Hawthorne track, one of six courses in the Chicago area, will be operating for those who like to see the bangtails run. This big-time horse racing plant is at Stickney, Illinois, on Chicago's western edge, and is easily accessible.

A short railroad ride direct to the track, or an elevated train jaunt and bus connection, transports one to Hawthorne from downtown Chicago in approximately a half hour.

If you are a golf enthusiast, a public course will be nearby, no matter where you stay for the convention. City courses of the Chicago Park District are Lincoln, at Diversey, 2800 North; at Waveland, 3600 North; Jackson, 6300 South; Marquette, 6700 South, 3200 West; and Columbus, 5600 West, 200 South. Only small fees are charged and these links are open from dawn to dusk.

Scores of other fee courses in the Cook County (Chicago) Forest Preserves, and adjacent to them, are at their best in late September.

Both the city park system and the forest preserves have laid out innumerable bridle paths, ready should some former wearer of a cavalryman's hat cord feel an urge to demonstrate his horsemanship. Mounts and equipment are available. You supply only the desire.

And so, perhaps somewhat sketchily, have we presented some of the reasons this 1939 Annual Convention of The American Legion will be a family affair.

Many of you fortunate Legionnaires may plan then to continue on after the convention to east or west coast and a World's Fair. Stopover privileges will of course be granted to all travelers through Chicago.

It will be our privilege at Chicago, however, if you come early to the convention and stay with us long after it has ended. You'll like it, too, for we have not the slightest sense of immodesty in repeating what we said at the start: "Chicago has everything!"

On, On to Victory

(Continued from page 24)

going to move at once for a hot sector."

It had Mike Mattick, our top-kick, who was again turned into that little terror. Mike could be a cheerful master when he was speaking.

A few minutes of scrambling for saddles, blankets, bridles and the few personal belongings and we were headed back to that beautiful patch of woods with the none too welcome word.

The order to move was soon fulfilled, but not without growls and profanity of various kinds. How the boys threw equipment and harness together is beyond us, as it was inky dark.

We moved on the dot, much to our amazement and to that of some French Blue Devils camped in those same woods. We took a final look at the then active front—a most magnificent fireworks display was on. One beautiful sight of a war!

The weather was beastly hot and the long, long, man-and-beast-killing hike

went on and on until early evening of July 16th when we pulled into Villers-Cotterêts where we first realized how tired and hungry one could be and still continue.

Villers-Cotterêts is a thickly-wooded area which at that time seemed to be packed solid with every known type of fighting equipment. We watered and fed exhausted horses and hung around the rolling kitchen for a real feed which was being prepared. As it had been too good to be true, rain started pouring and another merciless order came through for the guns to move immediately.

That order was greeted by the most artistic outburst of profanity this soldier ever heard. Not so much that we were headed for the line but because a meal was to be missed. However, within a few minutes we were again on the move—a night of horror as men and beasts were dead tired, roads jammed with trucks,

tanks, infantrymen, artillery and supply trains. Every available inch of road space taken, everybody endeavoring to keep contact, which was almost impossible. It was made possible by the threat to shoot the first outfit which broke the connection. It was a case of survival of the toughest. The night passed without our destination being known. History tells us our Divisional Commander didn't know at that particular time, so how could we?

We moved on and on. Horses fell exhausted—new pairs were made up of those able to stand the punishment, and it was brutal, as no food or water was available. The guns were finally placed with but two horses pulling. The others still surviving were carrying harness only. They actually leaned together for aid in standing. We owe the faithful horse a vote of thanks.

Men were in the same condition when,

as previously stated, we took position on the edge of the woods. The trees marked by shells and machine-gun bullets had at one time been beautiful beeches.

Was it a rest? No—haul ammunition. This was done in a downpour but in the meantime some “chow-hounds” had scouted up some canned beans, tomatoes, hardtack and “monkey meat,” built a fire by magic, everything being drenched, and a meal was served or grabbed.

Late in the afternoon of July 17th we slept and God alone knows how, as the rain poured down incessantly. Bodies of Senegalese, Moroccan and French who had recently paid the price in that area didn't give the surroundings too pleasant an odor, but one couldn't be particular.

It was WAR!

“What the hell is the rush about?” asked Barney.

“Pershing wants to get home for the World Series,” was the reply from Tom.

All was quiet around the gun pits during the night—a few hundred feet away it was different as the 9th, 23d and Marines were hiking and struggling to get into position in time for the then unknown “zero hour.” Some double-timed to make it—to get there on time to be killed!

“Have the gunners check their watches,” was the word.

It was then 3:50 A.M., July 18th; 3:55 all was quiet, but at 4:00 A.M. hell cut loose from every gun as never before, and a battery of 105 mm's directly back of us almost tore our heads off with their noise.

That was a brigade of French artillery, and could those boys put out! At 4:05 the move was on—the range was raised; again and again as the minutes wore on with the at times wild and blaspheming crews now carefully checking their sights, leveling their bubble and coolly loading and firing, as they knew the boys in front were depending on every shot.

Soon the answer—prisoners, accompanied by smiling wounded, passed and gave the word that the “push” was going along. Painful as the wounds were, they smiled through their pain as only a Yankee could do.

“Let's go! We're to move up!” Equipment was thrown on the pieces; horses available were hitched and the move started.

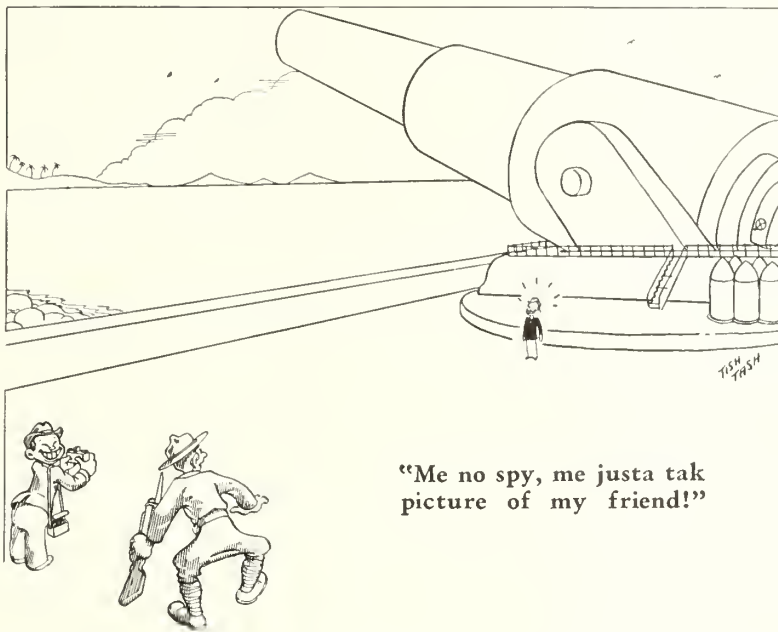
“Who the hell is left to fight?”

The roads were again jammed, this time with wounded and prisoners and in the field and woods . . . well, their troubles were over.

“Take a look at that parade coming out of those woods to our left,” yelled Abel as a battalion of French Cavalry trotted along. “Where the hell have they been during the war?”

The Germans were backing up as the tide could not be stopped. Stopped! Ah, yes. Machine guns are blocking the roads through Vierz.

“The guns are to go into position off



to the left, directly behind that slope in the wheat field,” advised the Captain.

They were put into position as were the other five batteries of the regiment and hell broke loose again.

Where the enemy got all the machine guns is a mystery, as there were apparently hundreds left behind. Yes, plenty German gunners were still at their posts but of no further use as soldiers. They were dead.

Night halted hostilities temporarily but it was bad, due to French tanks taking a short cut and almost demolishing our outfit. Threats and more beautifully spoken profanity changed their route. They didn't understand why that was necessary. Funny guys for sure!

July 19th, gang; here we go again! And another push was on. Objective taken, but the toll was too great for our infantry to stand. The punishment at Belleau Wood and then this was too much to expect from any human. They were relieved and sent back for rest.

“Get set, gang; tomorrow is Sunday but a show is on,” came the word.

The starting hour was as always an early one, so at 4:30 A.M. both battalions cut loose with the Second Battalion moving up first to maintain fire.

“We're off after an hour or better of barrage. Hell, what's wrong?” “Where to from here?” “Who has gone nuts?” were the questions as we shoved and pulled the guns to help the horses.

“After you're clear of the woods, pull over to your right and go into action a

few hundred feet beyond that knoll,” quietly came the order from Lieutenant Joe Wood. “Range 1500 and increase by 25's at every signal.”

This was quickly carried out, but not without work.

“Look, there goes one of the caissons off the road near the edge of the woods—a direct hit!” shouted one of the crew.

“My God, another one—they can't get here with ammunition!” yelled Ustich.

The confusion was caused by lack of definite information—all messengers having been killed.

“It's not war—just suicide,” quietly spoke up Ames, our first-aid man.

“Range now at 2200—hold it there,” was the order.

“Say, there are only two batteries here; the others can't get through, so we're in for it.”

Action had been so fast this fact had not been noticed by the crews.

“Look at that heinie plane dropping smoke signals; looks tough,” came from Barney, who

was religiously watching his sights. Our air force was evidently on vacation, as we hadn't seen a plane for two days, and how we'd have welcomed them!

“Drop back to 1500,” was the next word from “Woodie,” who didn't look too cheerful.

That was a thrill and as the range dropped we knew what was on. A counter-attack, with the Moroccans and Algerians not being able to hold.

“Here comes Stitt with a caisson; lamp that kid drive,” spoke up McGrath, an Irish-Brazilian.

The kid made it but we unlimbered on the fly and he was off to safety. Just then the plane's corrections were put in use by German artillery and a roar along with a shower of dirt told without words we were in for hell and more hell.

Again and again at short intervals the big ones hit—we would dive for a hole and pray both going in and coming out. Evidently some were heard, but not all. The fourth section was hit and the gun and crew put out of commission. One big one hit between the first and second sections and created a most terrible mess; another and another, with undecidable damage and horror.

The range was 1100, with orders to “lay guns on crest of hill.” That again told what we already knew as the Colonials had filtered back through us. Machine guns were manned and put into action and then, with the appearance of some fresh French troops who came from nowhere (Continued on page 38)

On, On to Victory

(Continued from page 37)

miraculously, the counter-attack was stopped.

So terrible was the situation all were badly confused as it was a case of "going under the top," not "over." Going over is a thrill; going under, a thriller.

Relief came July 25th—months of hardship were at an end—however, just temporarily, as more was to come. Some

worse.

Our reward—it came from Divisional Headquarters and read something like the following:

"General John J. Pershing visited our area; wants it to be known 'that the achievements of the gallant men of the Second Division in the attacks at Soissons which turned the tide against the

enemy are being acclaimed in millions of American homes tonight.'"

We wonder if they remember—we know our gallant buddies of that marvelous First Division who were off to our left *do* remember! Those memories will be with us while we live.

History again tells us these moves won the war.

The Sap

(Continued from page 27)

him his first important assignment, had decided to bury the hatchet. He would never forget the lieutenant's stinging words when his first-class private's rating was taken from him: "I'm sorry, Jenkins, that you can't be reduced any lower."

He found himself singing and stomping with the others, then the dugout curtains parted to admit Kolinski, the platoon sergeant and quickly put an end to the horseplay.

"Jeez, whaddid I ever do to you, now I gotta write my last letter home," Kolinski growled, as he elbowed Jinx to the far corner of the dugout, where a kerosene lamp burned.

"It's No. 2 post and a hell of a hole, Jinx, and you don't get posted, you hafta find it," Kolinski said, as he handed him the sector map and told him to dope it out if he could.

Jinx passed the remainder of the day studying the map and at stand-to he checked the contour lines he had memorized with the actual appearance of the ground in front. He was delighted to find the landmarks just where the map showed them to be. After stand-down he slept.

Kolinski wakened him around midnight and under his direction he blackened his face and his bayonet, removed all gear that might rattle and put away his cigarettes and his rope lighter. Then he stood in line with several others and received the password. The dugout was silent, the men not on duty were asleep, for night on the front is grim business. Even the hard-boiled ser-

geant's voice was hushed as Kolinski sent the detail on its way, to move forward on the oozy duckboards. One by one Jenkins' companions vanished but he passed a few motionless figures in overcoats, their steel helmets a faint blue against the gloom.

A tall figure suddenly blocked his way, he gave the password, his name and his duty.

"Right here she is, suicide alley," the tall figure said.

He left the front line and crawled into the sap. Stooping, he shuffled ahead, ankle deep in the foul mud and filthy water.

Once a lesser darkness and a movement of cool air told him where the top of the sap had fallen away. The slime gradually became deeper, then the sap widened into a roofless hole. This was the post, fifty feet beyond the last barbed wire. He

answered the challenge of a vague figure that he felt rather than saw and received the post instructions:

"She's all quiet. There's a ground 'phone but it's haywire. Here's the rocket pistol, two-star for barrage, four-star for gas, the cartridges are in a tin box, down here. Don't shoot off any barrage rockets unless you see something and no gas rockets unless you know it's gas. This post is called Cherry. We haven't any patrols out. Repeat."

Jinx repeated and the outgoing man moved off.

Feeling about, he found the soggy tarpaulin that covered the hole in the daylight hours and arranged it on a shelf of wet earth so he could sit down. A hell of a hole is right, Jinx thought, with mud for a floor and nothing but a rifle to protect a man from the invisible enemy sitting in the same kind of mud a few hundred yards away or

prowl about to seize unsuspecting sentries and pin their ears back. Company A had lost three men from this post but he decided not to think of this. Instead, he visualized himself as sitting on the map with which he had labored all afternoon. He was about two inches left of dead center! And those wavy curves meant hills if close together, and easy ground if far apart. And the trenches in heavier ink, blue lines for his side, red for the enemy and little cross marks for wire. He knew exactly where he was and the distances from his own and the enemy lines.

He braced his rifle against the side wall



"Hey, wait a minute! It just occurred to me, we got this hitched up wrong!"

and peered into the chill, starless murk. The air had an odor—something like creosote or sheep dip. Fog. It always smelled like that. In a pond that he knew was exactly fifty-five yards to the left oblique frogs were singing a hoarse symphony, without break. Hundreds of them, he told himself, and mostly tenors. It reminded him of home and was a friendly assurance that all was well, yet he would have preferred to hear a bawling calf.

A star shell rose gracefully from the enemy front and others, at intervals that seemed timed. He sat rigid until they burned out, his blackened face and hands his protection against their glow. The time dragged wearily. The night began to press heavily on his senses. Shapes that he knew were not there loomed eerily in the black wall that surrounded him. This was what the gang had told him. Heebie-jeebies! He set his jaws and regained control of his nerves and the calm that followed made him perspire. But he felt better. He heard a cat bird's call and a rustling of wings close overhead as a crow or a wild dove passed. Some small creature moved between the tin cartridge box and the dirt wall. He put his foot against the box and the movement ceased. A rat, probably. He bent down and felt the rocket cartridges. Two stars on the crimp wad. Red, that meant, for barrage fire. He found the four-star loads, green, for gas alarm. These he put in his overcoat pocket, sniffing the air for signs of chlorine. He heard a sloshing noise behind him and grasped his rifle, the bayonet point swung round. He forgot to challenge.

"Don't get excited, Jenkins," a low voice rasped.

The lieutenant slipped into the position.

"Anything to report?"

"A few enemy flares, but they've stopped now."

"Don't whisper, mullet head, it carries twice as far."

"Yes, sir."

The lieutenant was gone. In less than an hour, he would be relieved, he figured. He hadn't gummed up anything—yet. Then his blood seemed to freeze as a seventh sense brought him to his feet, straining his eyes and ears against the blackness. A deadly silence had enveloped the front, as if a dynamo revolving at high speed had ceased to hum in the flicker of a second. He felt his thumping heart move into his throat. His hand gripped the butt of the rocket pistol. He knelt and slipped a cartridge into the breech. Two star. He rose slowly with all his faculties groping for movement or sound. There was nothing, the night was standing still. It was then that Jenkins disobeyed orders. Cocking the pistol and extending his arm he fired. Swiftly re-loading, he fired again.

As the twin balls of red fire drifted toward the earth, (Continued on page 40)

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for both*

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The Sap

(Continued from page 39)

swaying gently under the tiny parachutes, an alert American battery answered Jenkins with a savage roar. Then another blast, followed by a deeper baying as the heavies joined in. Ahead and to the flanks he saw a wall of leaping flame. The shell bursts were checkerboarding the front. The explosions numbed his ears. The fumes made his eyes water. Showers of mud, rocks and water pelted his position, the air was filled with whining missiles. He heard machine guns stuttering and the rhythmic bark of the Chauchats, and hand grenades. Behind him. The front line. His gang. What a show he had started. He had blundered again, and how!

Something hard knocked off his helmet, his neck jerked, he pitched forward heavily and lost consciousness as a gust of steel splinters raked the position.

Later he found himself facing the colonel at regimental headquarters. His relief, the hurried hike with a sour-faced corporal through a long and winding communication trench had taken a few minutes, or had it been hours? But his throbbing head was clearing now and he saw a brightly lighted room filled with officers of rank. His uniform was caked with mud, he was soaked to the skin but somewhere along the line he had man-

aged to wash some of the blood and blackening from his face and hands and he stood stiffly at attention as he waited for the gray haired man on the other side of the table to speak.

"You're Private Jenkins, B Company, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you send up two barrage rockets from Outpost Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see an enemy or a body of the enemy approaching?"

"No, sir."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Nothing, sir." He licked his lips. Mullet head.

"Then you disobeyed orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we're damned glad you did. You probably saved the First Battalion from a whale of a licking. It was a surprise raid, Jenkins, without artillery preparation and the prisoners tell us it had been planned for a long time—to use on the stupid Americans. Two battalions of shock troops from a Guard division. You may stand at ease."

"Yes, sir." Jenkins' face had turned to turkey red.

"Furthermore," said the colonel, and the room was smiling now, "our concen-

tration of barrage and auxiliary fire killed over fifty of the enemy that we know about and there must have been at least twice that number put out of the action by wounds. So our thanks to you. You will be promoted to the rank of corporal and cited in orders, but if you didn't see anything and heard nothing, will you tell us just why you sent up the rockets?"

The colonel's eyes were rather curiously alight and the room leaned forward, with him.

Private, later Sergeant Jenkins, made only one public address during his distinguished service in the American Expeditionary Forces. A field clerk took it down, as follows:

"Well sir, at home on the farm we have several ponds. There's a pond out in front and to the left of the listening post where I was tonight and it was full of frogs and they were singing to beat the band. The way I figure it, French frogs are just like American frogs, I mean if folks walk near their pond, day or night, they'll quit singing, quick. The frogs in this pond quit, all of a sudden. I knew our gang had nobody out there, but I waited, a few seconds I guess, and when the frogs didn't start up again I sent up the rockets."

In There Fighting

(Continued from page 21)

I replied, "I thought that was just a bit high!"

"That's all right, kid," he spoke, adding, "if your eyesight is failing you, there won't anybody know it except me, you and the catcher!"

There've been a lot of screwball players in the game, but the A's and Sox were never loaded with them in my time. The nearest to a "screw-loose" I've had to deal with is this Luke Appling, about as sweet an infielder as has come along for a long time and one who is holding up great.

Luke has one complex that gives everyone who knows anything about it a great big belly laugh, and sometimes a pain in the neck.

The guy is always imagining he's sick, yet if this were so he couldn't be one of the best shortstops in the league, as he's been for years.

Why, Luke requires more attention from our trainer than the rest of the team, including the pitching staff, combined. At the same time he always goes out there and puts up a great game, running his legs off and showing no signs of any sort of ailment. One day last

season I said to him a short time before a game:

"Luke, is there anything wrong with you today; because if there isn't I'll know you're really sick and will trade you!"

A fellow can't be around as long as I have without forming impressions, and I'm going to drop some of mine in your lap, and also pick a Jimmy Dykes All-American team for you.

"Red" Faber, the right-handed spitballer who used to pitch for these very White Sox that I'm managing now, was the toughest pitcher for me to face.

It was a rare day indeed when I could get a hit off the Redhead, and the few I did get I felt like they were achievements. He was harder for me to hit than either Walter Johnson or Smokey Joe Wood, neither of them cousins to anybody.

I always liked to bat against Johnson. Not that I was particularly successful against him, but that he had such a smooth delivery and masterful control, it was an experience to be up there in front of him.

When I started to tag along on the edges of baseball, the greatest person-

ality in the game was "Home Run" Frank Baker, of Trappe, Maryland.

I never played on the A's when Frank was there, but played against him when he was with the Yanks. He could still slough that ball, and was easily the home-run king of his time, but he never had the fielding grace of Ruth, albeit he was always in front of the ball and never failed to at least knock it down.

I'll never forget the arrival of the lively ball. It had me worried about myself. It must have been about in 1923 or 1924 when in the spring I noticed I wasn't stopping the balls like I was accustomed to before.

Drives which up to then had been easy for me, were getting by me and I commenced to wonder if I was beginning to slow up. My legs still felt all right and I was in my usual good shape and still had all that boyish enthusiasm for the game.

But baseballs were going through me. I didn't say anything to anybody, but I was doing a lot of thinking.

Then, in about mid-year, the league announced it had been experimenting with a lively, or rabbit ball and I knew

of course that Jimmy Dykes wasn't slipping—yet.

We ball players are often asked if we think there ever will be other ball players to shine as brightly as the Ruths and Cobbs and Sislers and other greats of the game.

I don't believe their exact duplicates will ever come along, because the history of the game proves that the stars of each succeeding generation of players have been outstanding for some distinct ability peculiar to them individually.

But we will always have players to come along who will reach a stardom of their own making, players like Feller, DiMaggio and this Charley Keller.

To my mind Ty Cobb combined more of the elements of greatness than any player, because he could do more things and do them well, than any man the sport has known. Ty could hit, field and run bases with equal facility and brilliance.

Next to Cobb comes Ruth, great for many reasons Cobb wasn't, but still not quite so much of an all-around player. Ruth's home run feats and general slugging ability, however, will be legends of baseball as long as time endures.

Ruth had a splendid arm, and for a huge man with egg-shell ankles, he was remarkable on the base paths and in the field in view of those mincing little steps he took when on the trot. The Babe had a fine head on his shoulders, I can tell you. He always knew the correct play to make and was what we call smart in a baseball sense.

Ruth's baseball discussion was always interesting and orthodox in its logic. He talked a great game—still does.

Now as to that all-star team I promised you; here it is:

First base, George Sisler; second base, Charley Gehringer; third base, Joe Dugan; shortstop, Everett Scott; catchers, Mickey Cochrane and Bill Dickey; pitchers, Bob Grove, Lefty Gomez, Urban "Red" Faber and Walter Johnson; outfielders, Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb and Bob Meusel.

Remember, in viewing this team, it is made up of players I have actually seen and played against. The outstanding characteristic of the pitching group is its durability.

Baseball has had any number of marvelous hurlers, but the above quartet enjoyed success over a prolonged period of time. They were iron men.

The best looking yearling of the current season is the Yankees' Charley Keller, the Maryland University graduate who was in the Newark outfield for his first year of professional ball last year.

He has all the earmarks of a natural hitter and fielder. With the Bears Charlie lead the International League in hitting with an average of .365. He set the pace for the loop with 149 runs and 211 hits, while he batted in 129 runs. In short,



"I've played a lot of courses—but never one with rough like this!"

Charley Keller is the answer to any manager's prayer.

Young Bob Feller, who graduated from American Legion Junior Baseball, is the most promising pitcher to come into the American League since the Athletics picked up Bob Grove from the Orioles at a reputed price of \$105,000.

Feller is just coming into his own, the rough spots having been pretty well ironed out and he having acquired the necessary poise and knowledge of the game to make him a genuine diamond.

I believe night baseball has its place in the major leagues. It is almost an economic necessity to schedule a few such games in every major league city to enable day-time workers who can't leave their work with any feeling of security—just to see a ball game.

Night baseball has saved the minors, and with employment what it is, or possibly I should say unemployment being what it is, the majors may find night ball the tonic to tide them over until conditions become nearer normal.

Too, radio has its niche in baseball.

We have five stations in Chicago broadcasting every game, and there is no question this stimulates attendance. The foundation of baseball is built on the personalities and characters in the game. The radio acquaints those at home and in offices with these players and excites their interest to the point of clicking the turnstiles.

Of late years the Legion's Junior Baseball program has been a great help to the national game and to the kids who have taken part in it. It isn't just the youngsters that come up to the big leagues or even professional ball that I'm thinking about. It's the lessons of sportsmanship and the development of the never-say-die spirit that are most important. A youngster that plays Legion ball is going to keep on being a straight shooter when he's forgotten the technical side of the training he received. We've got a couple of fine Legion ball graduates on our ball club right now—Mike Tresh and Henry Steinbacher.

I can't complete this recital to my comrades of the Legion, and others under whose eyes it might fall, without saying a sincere and almost devout word of admiration and respect for the man who has been my greatest friend and inspiration in baseball—Connie Mack.

An expert tactician, a kindly leader who understands youth and knows how to get the best out of

it, Connie Mack personifies in the hearts and minds of all who come beneath his gentle spell the things which are most worth while in baseball and human relations. It's too bad that he was taken sick just before he was to manage our league's team in the All-Star game this year.

His fatherly reaction toward some of the temperamental players we had on the Athletics, will always be in my memory.

"Let them rave," he would say, "let them rant and throw their gloves around in exasperation. That's the way they relieve the tension of day-in-and-day-out play. They've got to get rid of it somehow!"

I thought then it was perfect psychology, but in the last half dozen years since I've been handling players myself, I'm sure of it and almost every day I tear a leaf from the book of Connie Mack in my relations with my men.

That's the sincerest tribute I can pay the greatest, most human leader the American League has ever had.

The Real Thing

(Continued from page 5)

Joe said, "How's tricks? I'm meetin' a guy here."

Then Garcia stared at him and said, "Oh, it's you. Where you been?"

"L. A.," Joe told him. "That's my cab outside."

Garcia looked at it, then at Joe, and asked, "On the lam?"

"Yeh," Joe said. "Got in a little jam." "Then you best get the hell out of here," Garcia answered. "I don't want no trouble. Cops and border patrol, in here all the time, lookin' me over. And like I say, I don't want no trouble."

He went on making coffee. He said, "They was in here a'ready this mornin', lookin' for somebody. How do I know? They don't tell me, they just ask me."

Joe drove away fast. He'd be back later, after Bingo got here, and collect his thousand, and then they'd go to the postoffice.

He knew a place outside town where he hid sometimes when he was smuggling, so he drove to it and parked his cab beside an irrigation ditch, screened in the brush and eucalyptus trees. He left his monkey cap and put on his hat and walked back to town.

In a hot dog joint where he had breakfast, nobody paid much attention to him, but two fellows at the counter were talking, and he heard one say, "Never gave the poor guy a chance!"

Joe got up and asked for his check. The counterman was a pleasant sort of fellow and he said, "I was just saying you sure look like Jimmy Cagney."

Joe backed away. He said, "Who, me? Oh, no, I don't look like him at all." He got out of there and walked to the depot. "Bingo'll be on this train," he told himself. "Sure, he'll be on this train."

But Bingo wasn't. Well, maybe he'd hitched a ride. If the cops hadn't . . . Joe pushed aside the thought trying to form. Back at Garcia's, Bingo hadn't showed up, and Garcia still didn't want trouble. Two big guys were standing in the shade by the postoffice, talking. Joe walked past, hurried down the side street.

Bingo wasn't on the night train, either. Joe didn't sleep, just sat in his cab and had ideas. Not very pleasant ideas. He'd picked up an evening paper. The cops still were keeping quiet. But a couple of guys had been hanged that morning in some prison. Joe read all about them. They ate a hearty breakfast. Joe didn't want anything to eat.

GARCIA opened his diner at eight in the morning and Joe was walking toward it at five minutes past when he

saw a cop come out. The cop had a toothpick in his hand. He stopped and looked around. Joe stopped, too. The cop looked at him and Joe started to walk away. After half a block he glanced over his shoulder and the cop was still behind him whistling quietly to himself. Joe hurried. He glanced back again. The cop saw him and stopped and stared at him.

Then something happened to Joe's feet. They were running. Fast. He didn't



"That's to remind me to remind Mr. Walsh to put a ring on my finger tonight!"

look back any more. Just ran. A little Mexican kid hollered at him and he ran faster. He knew that the cop was running, too, so he dodged down alleys and across back yards till he was at the edge of town. At last he reached his cab and hid in the brush. But no cops came near. A fellow's throat sure got dry. It was dark before he dared crawl to the ditch for a drink of its warm, muddy water.

But his plans were made. Mexico was close at hand. No cops over there, just desert and mountains and friendly Indians. And Bingo hadn't come to El Centro. He'd been picked up, that meant. Bingo wouldn't squeal. Sure not. He was a nice sort of guy. Only he hadn't been too sure himself what the cops would make him do. They can make you do lots of things you don't want to, he'd said. Well, in that case . . . to hell with the package in El Centro postoffice. It could wait. Twenty-five miles southwest lay Pinto Wash, with safety at its other end, for him at least. But a fellow needed food, water, gasoline. Just enough to take him to a place called La Tinaja. It was a long way, a hundred miles, but he had friends there who'd help him. They were smugglers, people you could trust.

At midnight Joe drove west on Highway 80. In the back seat were two tins of gasoline, one of water, a sack of food. That storekeeper would sure be surprised in the morning to find the broken lock. After ten miles Joe left the road for a desert trail. He drove without lights, remembering the border patrol. The high black cone of La Centinela rose from the flat horizon at his left; to the right the Superstition Mountains made a soft dark blur against the sky.

Ahead lay Pinto Wash, a hot, dry river bed, running straight to Mexico. Joe halted, turned off his motor, and sat holding his breath, listening. The night held its breath, too. A desert rat somewhere in the darkness made a small, shrill complaint. Ten miles to the rear a car was panting up the highway grade to Mountain Springs. There was no other sound. Joe took a long drink of water and started again.

He had driven five miles when off to the right a dark bunch of shadow started moving toward him. It came fast, a car without lights. Border patrol! Joe put on speed. His cab bounced over loose rocks. The other car followed, drew closer. Then a stone post loomed up and Joe rushed past it. He was in Mexico now. He looked back. The other car crossed the boundary, too and still was following.

"They got no right in Mexico!" Joe complained. "Ain't legal!"

The pursuers gave up at last and Joe slowed down. His motor was knocking. He stopped and watered his thirsty radiator, then drove on, feeling shaky inside. It was the heat, he told himself. There was no road to follow, but he needed none. The flat alkali crust made a hard pavement. After two hours he stopped again to fill his gasoline tank from one of the tins. A coyote started to yip up in the dark Sierra de Juarez, a mile to the west, and Joe got away from there fast. He didn't like coyotes. Made him think of dead people on the desert.

The night got hotter and there was no breeze. Made Joe want to pant. At last he turned through a notch in the ranges and looked eastward across the desert at the flaming dawn. La Tinaja was straight ahead. It once had been a town; now only Indians squatted in its ruins. Nice fellows, those Indians. Often had helped Joe with his smuggling. Nice place, too, where mesquite trees made a patch of thin shade on the dry face of the land.

Joe saw the trees at last. The friendly smoke of cooking fires rose straight on the still hot air. Then, at half a mile, Joe

made out the figure of a man in front of the nearest brush *ramada*. Another came and stood beside him. Joe stopped. They didn't look like Indians. Looked like soldiers. Mexican soldiers. They didn't move, just stood there, as if waiting.

Joe's terror made a plug in his dry throat. Had the L. A. cops sent word 'way down here? Were these guys waiting to take him back?

"Oh, the dirty devils!" he groaned. He didn't dare turn around. No, the border patrol would get him if he did that. He slid into gear and headed toward the two men. But before he reached them he speeded in a wild circle around them and roared on southward. He didn't even look at them as he went by. Didn't dare look. What were they doing now? Starting after him? His water and gasoline tins bounced in the rear seat. He left the village behind, but not till he had gone five hot, rough miles did he slow down. His engine was back-firing and his radiator boiling. No one was following. Not in sight, anyhow. Didn't do to take anything for granted.

Keeping an eye to the north, he carefully picked up the water tin. It had sprung a leak, was nearly empty, leaving one swallow for him and a little for the radiator. He poured it with caution and hurried on.

Where? He didn't know. As far as possible from that pepper tree in front of Katie Joy's lonesome house, from that cop in El Centro, from the border patrol, from those two men who stood and waited at La Tinaja. He'd never been this deep in Mexico before. Indistinctly he remembered that smugglers used to talk about an Indian town somewhere down this coast. San Felipe they called it.

"If you ever got to hide, go there," they used to say.

The trail grew rougher, the sun hotter. Joe passed a pile of stones, with a wooden cross tumbled beside it. Someone had died there, that meant; been buried where he died. A lonesome place, Joe thought, and got sick.

His motor began to knock. The desert narrowed, between naked mountains and the empty sea which Mexicans call the Gulf of Cortez. The trail was a rough, thin track, mile after endless mile. Joe looked back; in spite of himself looked again. No one was coming, Bingo nor cops. Had they caught Bingo? Had he talked. How much had he told? Ninety rough miles south of La Tinaja, Joe rounded a heap of black rock and saw the grass houses of San Felipe, and people around without many clothes. He drove on and at the first brush *ramada*, an Indian came out.

"*Buenos Dias*," Joe said. The Indian was friendly and when he heard the croak in Joe's voice, gave him water in a gourd. Joe drank, then asked in Spanish, "Any soldiers here?"

"No," the Indian said, and Joe felt good. Then the Indian said, "Only the *delegado*, the" (Continued on page 44)

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The Real Thing

(Continued from page 43)

policeman. He has two guns. And he can shoot them.

"Oh," Joe said. "Why do you need a policeman here?" A big man with a wide hat had come out of a brush house across the village and stared at him.

"To put the bad strangers in jail, *señor*. Ah, we now are civilized. We have a jail. If the bad strangers do not wish to remain, the *delegado* shoots . . ."

Quickly Joe said, "How can I get away from here?"

"The same road you came, *señor*. No? One other way only. Between the mountains there. The small road leads to the desert. It is very hot. I have not been there. But I hear that on the other side of the desert are cool mountains. Ah, there stands the *delegado*. The man with the hat. He is looking at you."

Joe even forgot to say, "*Gracias, señor*," he was in such a hurry. It took him a long time to reach the arroya that led through the first mountains to the desert, the ground was so rough. His motor was knocking plenty now. Trying to kick a piston through its head. But the *delegado* was not following him. Joe couldn't see him, anyway. He kept looking back again. When he did get to the desert it was a huge, blistering bowl, with bare rock ranges on three sides, and far to the west a higher range, with woods showing on top.

He headed toward it, wishing he'd had

time to ask for water in San Felipe. The cab was a bouncing oven. The steering wheel got hot, blistering his hands. At last the sun sank and night dropped fast. But it stayed hot. Joe halted and sat in the cab and tried to sleep. But he couldn't. He was too thirsty. Too busy thinking about Bingo. Wondering whether the police ever came to this place, too. All night the coyotes yipped and Joe got thirstier.

He began to drive again at dawn toward the tall mountains twenty miles ahead. At this slow rate it would take four hours. Could he hold out that long? Could the cab do without water, even if he did? There was water in those mountains . . . he tried to hurry. Then a rear tire blew out.

It took a long time to change. The jack got too hot to touch. Joe's dry tongue was beginning to swell. He'd have to hurry. He thought again of Bingo. Nice fellow, Bingo. He got the spare tire on at last and started to drive. But before noon the cab stopped. The radiator was dry. It wouldn't run again. Joe started to walk. The mountains lay ten miles ahead.

He couldn't keep his mouth shut. His tongue kept popping out. Something was happening to his eyes. After a little while he couldn't see the mountains. He just kept on walking.

Walking, falling down, getting up. Hot, yes. But he wasn't sweating. Funny,

to be this hot and not sweat. Funny, not able to see anything in this hot light. He fell down once more and couldn't get up. So he started to crawl. At last he couldn't crawl and just lay panting.

Once he stirred. That sounded like coyotes. He tried to see. Something was moving, not far away. Moving 'round and 'round him, making hungry yips. Couldn't be coyotes. Nobody dead here. He lay down again, wondering where Bingo was. Maybe Bingo would come . . . now if Jimmie Cagney were in a spot like this . . .

The coyotes closed in at dark.

BINGO sat across the table from the yellow-haired girl with the dark glasses and the expensive, crazy clothes, who didn't really look very much like Katie Joy, and the fat man with the shiny bald head and dark sport shirt. "Who, the taxi driver?" Bingo said. He laughed. "How do I know what happened to him? He run out, like I knew he would, poor sap. And here's our thousand bucks. No, he'll not be back. Scared. But listen, I got a new sucker lined up. Tomorrow night. Same plan. Same place. Same empty house. Same three shots. He's got lots of jack, too."

"Bingo, you're wonderful," the girl said. "It's so easy and so safe. And nobody ever gets hurt."

M-Day ~ When, As and If

(Continued from page 19)

depends on this drawing Henry decides to turn the garage radio on full blast. Announcers gush with excitement and there is a long wind-up before the first capsule is fished out of the bowl. It is number 634. Henry runs the bolts down on a cylinder head with a slight sigh of relief. At least he won't be the first to go. Other numbers are announced. But why do they have to take so long? Henry is impatient. Why not get it over with? Still, the papers said it would probably take thirty-six hours.

The drum rolls again, and the relief announcer takes a hearty wind-up. He will have another fateful number in a minute—a number which will force thousands to do their patriotic duty, a number which will make soldiers out of them. The number is announced. It is 800—Henry's number.

This moves him a few more feet toward the war which still seems terribly remote. Everywhere now he sees war about him. Three-minute speakers break in on the movie program. The radio has

apparently forgotten that people like a dance band occasionally and all they supply is talk, talk, talk.

Five days after the lottery broadcast Henry gets a fat envelope in the mail. In it is stuffed a long questionnaire which he is directed to fill out. The questions puzzle him. Does he have a wife? Is she self-supporting? What crops does he raise? And how much of each crop? Did he file an income tax last year and does he own his own home? The questions seem senseless to Henry but they all have bearing on his availability for service. Once again Henry fails to wonder how these questionnaires were ready so quickly. He has had no way of knowing that months were spent on devising questions which would extract a maximum amount of information; and that master copies of the resulting questionnaire had been kept in every state capital ready to go to the printer's whenever M-Day arrived.

Two days after mailing his questionnaire back to the Selective Service Board which has miraculously sprung up, Henry

is informed that he is in Class I, and should report to a designated doctor for physical examination immediately. Class I, he knows, indicates that there is no reason why he should not be inducted into the military service. If he were in Class II that would signify that he was engaged in some necessary work—like making shells, building airplane engines, or running a combine on a highly mechanized wheat farm. Class III would mean that he had a family dependent on him, and Class IV that he had a glass eye or a cork leg. So Henry reports to the doctor and has no difficulty in passing the physical examination.

Nine days later he is ordered to report to camp—along with 333,330 other young American men. A scant 30 days after the declaration of war Henry Putty, garage mechanic, has become Private Henry Putty—possessor of an ill-fitting uniform and a pair of yellow shoes that pinch his feet. He can never get it quite straight how these things happened to him so rapidly. The answer, of course, lies in the

fact that all preparations had been made in advance to get Henry into the Army with the greatest dispatch.

Today, in a supposedly peaceful America, there is a large group of men thinking in terms of war; of drafting millions of men into military service as painlessly and as quickly as possible. The Army learned a lesson in the World War when a feverish appeal to patriotism netted only 86,000 men in the first month after the declaration. An army of 3,500,000 was needed.

The conscription act was the inspiration of a tough young cavalry captain who, after he had sold the idea to his chiefs in the hectic spring of 1917, shut himself up for four days in a room in Washington's old Land Grant Building. With a bottle of Scotch at one elbow and a relay of stenographers at the other, he dictated, revised and re-dictated the Mobilization Act of 1917 and its appurtenant provisions for conducting the draft. His name was Hugh S. Johnson.

Setting up machinery necessary for conscription took time. Two months elapsed between the declaration of war and the first registration. More months passed before green recruits could be taught the fine points of trench warfare.

Such valuable weeks will not be wasted another time. The Joint Army and Navy Selective Service Committee has taken care of that. Once America decides to go to war it will go in a hurry. The six-man board, composed of officers from all branches of the military, has but one function: to get all the men army and navy chiefs say they need.

From the central authority of the board itself, organization extends downward to every county and hamlet in the country. Adjutants general, normally responsible to governors of the States, bridge the gap between the War Department and the States themselves. In the legislature of at least one State a bill has been proposed which makes the adjutant general answerable only to the War Department in times of war. If generally adopted, such bills would quickly convert the country into a tight military dictatorship whenever a national emergency arose.

The efficiency of existing state organizations depends largely on the activity of the adjutant generals. Under them they have from four to sixteen highly trained key men, drawn from the National Guard and the Army Reserve. They have prepared pin maps of all voting places and lists of election officials. They have maps of locations and lists of men to sit on Selective Service Boards. One of these boards will be required for each 30,000 population—approximately 6400 for the whole United States. On them will fall the responsibility for classifying registrants; for giving them the security of Class IV or the travel orders associated with Class I.

"Day" charts in each adjutant general's office indicate the exact steps to be



James T. Brady

1891-1939

The death on June 9th of James T. Brady, Commander of the Department of the District of Columbia, removed a figure that had long been associated with The American Legion and with service to the veterans of the World War. Commander Brady's passing was without warning, and he had continued his service as Department Commander and in his official position as Solicitor of the United States Veterans Administration at the central office in Washington almost up to the hour of his death.

Commander Brady was born at Holbrook, Massachusetts, on November 18, 1891, and during the World War served overseas as a corporal in the Coast Artillery. He joined the staff of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, now the United States Veterans Administration, in January, 1919, and through successive promotion in an unbroken connection with veteran service work for more than twenty years became Solicitor on October 1, 1934, which position he had since occupied.

He was a member of National Cathedral Post, of Washington, which Post he served as Commander during 1937-1938. He was elected Department Commander on August 13, 1938. His administration, which was marked by great fidelity and devotion, gave to him recognition as a champion of the cause of The American Legion, and he had become one of its outstanding leaders.

taken by him after declaration of war.

The men chosen to run the machinery of the draft are carefully trained by the Army. Each year they attend regional conferences which are held in New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington. For two weeks they discuss ways and means of getting civilians quickly into uniforms. They rehash the problems which will inevitably arise. Where are persons on forest reserves to register? What punishments are provided by courts martial? Would a person whose 21st birthday coincided with the declaration of war be required to register? Is it necessary for a declarant enemy alien to withdraw his intention to become a citizen in order to be placed in Class IV? Things like that.

These four regional conferences are

supplemented by correspondence courses. A National Guard officer can substitute home work for drill. Monthly bulletins keep this skeleton organization constantly in touch with new problems as they arise.

The adjutant general and his staff have astonishingly detailed information about even the most remote backwoods counties: the reading habits of the people and the publicity channels which will reach them. They know the number of men required for capacity production of the West Virginia coal mines, and who should therefore be "deferred;" and the men necessary to keep Detroit machine shops rolling at top speed. They even have lists of the number of three-minute speakers that would be required in various localities.

The 300-odd men in the permanent and ever-enlarging selective-service organization are not blind to the fact that there is a more widespread and articulate anti-war philosophy abroad in the land today than there was in 1917. They are aware that many people have read and heard a great deal of pacifist propaganda; that war has been depicted as a nefarious enterprise; that there is such a thing as the Oxford Oath and other solemn commitments against bearing arms. Moreover, there are thousands and thousands of others who, lacking any idealistic convictions about war one way or the other, are simply wedded to their creature comforts. They don't want to live in tents, wear uncomfortable uniforms or be shot at by total strangers.

If a person has ever harbored any fugitive questionings about the propriety of warfare, if he fancies himself a pacifist of sorts, every facet of the expansive and expanding art of ballyhoo will be turned full force upon him. And the likelihood is that by the time his number comes up in the draft he will have shed his petty idealism.

The agency which will cause this about-face is the publicity organization. Local and state committees contain names of advertising and publicity men, publishers of newspapers and magazines, radio and motion-picture executives, and well-known free-lancers in the art of manipulating public opinion. These men constitute a group within a group insofar as the Selective Service Committee is concerned. But with the arrival of M-Day they will detach themselves and set up the third unit in the great war-time triumvirate, the Public Relations Board. This unit's assignment is to "sell the country" on the other two, the War Resources Board and the Selective Service Administration, to iron out any obstacles of adverse public opinion to the smooth flow of the two war-time essentials, materials and man power.

It is needless to catalog the multiple devices by which a reluctant citizen can be "educated" to the point of making him acquiescent to the demands of military service. George Creel, who essayed the task in (Continued on page 46)

M-Day ~ When, As and If

(Continued from page 45)

1917, must feel as he contemplates the past that he had but crude and clumsy implements to work with. Not only have the intervening years brought greater literacy and understanding to the masses, but radio and the improvement in all forms of communication have elevated propaganda to the status of a major force. Take away Goebbels and you wouldn't have Hitler. Proscribe the radio and Father Coughlin would be just another parish priest. Modern propaganda, given a strong emotional objective in which to set its teeth, is capable of almost any synthesis. A man will have to be a stern and rugged individualist, indeed, to resist the high-pressured appeals of M-Day.

The posters already drawn indicate that the publicity division recognizes a higher level of national intelligence than that which existed in 1917. Today most people would refuse to believe in babies skewered on bayonets, in breasts amputated in the spirit of vengeance, or in women crucified on hastily devised crosses. The posters drawn for the next war suggest an appeal to reason of the type used in the best institutional advertising. Newspaper feature stories, however, have a familiar emotional ring. One will serve to illustrate. It begins: "I didn't go last

time and I've hung my head ever since . . ."

The purpose of all this is, of course, to get men in a humor to go to war; to make it as painless for them as possible. One officer expressed it a little more bluntly. "The job of publicity," he said, "is to make men think they have the responsibility to push other men into recruiting offices."

A great many people will escape this dragnet because of family responsibilities or because of the need industry or agriculture has for them. If a man is an honest-to-goodness conscientious objector (which up to now does not include takers of pacifist pledges or members of radical political parties) he will not be forced to bear arms. He will be placed in non-combat service behind the lines.

What to expect in the way of manpower from all this effort is indicated by "yield" figures. These figures are kept for every county. When expressed on a national scale they indicate that of the 12,000,000 men between the ages of 21 and 30 approximately 3,000,000 will be available for immediate service. Although there are only 3,000,000 boys between the ages of 18 and 21, some 2,000,000 of them can go to war. They are healthy, have fewer responsibilities, and are less valuable to

industry than older, better-trained men. The group between 31 and 45 contains 13,000,000 men, of whom only 2,000,000 will make soldiers.

In the aggregate, the machinery already set up is geared to produce 330,000 men every 30 days; or 4,000,000 every 12 months.

All the plans so far drawn are necessarily liquid, ready to meet conditions as they change. Every few months new flourishes are added to the Selective Service Law and changes are made in regulations. As they stand today plans are in much the same condition as chilled water in a tray in an electric refrigerator: still fluid, but ready to freeze instantly into a rigid pattern. All this preparation indicates that there is a strong tide of militarism under the normally placid surface of a peaceful America.

Henry Putty may contemplate, with whatever reactions are peculiar to him, the plans which have been made for him to defend his homeland—and/or the sanctity of American interests abroad. The least he can say is that they are pretty complete, and that the generals don't seem to have forgotten anything—including his possible feelings in the matter.

For Tomorrow's America

(Continued from page 7)

The American Legion also pledges help in regulating water essential for irrigation, for domestic use, and for power, and help in checking erosion of our basic resource, the soil itself.

George Washington recognized that tobacco was a land-punishing crop. He ordered it off the soil at Mt. Vernon. Thomas Jefferson tried to prevent soil erosion at Monticello by plowing around instead of up and down the slopes. Today the open frontier of good, free land is gone. Approximately 55 percent of our total land area has been either ruined, seriously impoverished, or has had one-fourth or more of its fertile top-soil stripped away by erosion.

Considering only our 610 million acres of crop land, it is estimated that erosion has ruined or nearly ruined for practical cultivation an acreage that approaches the combined areas of Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, and North Carolina; one that is equivalent to one and a quarter million farms of 80 acres each. And nearly 100 million acres more have been severely damaged. Is it any wonder that this nation has begun to face the facts and to insist that soil exploitation be stopped

and that soil fertility be promptly rebuilt?

In pledging assistance to rebuild as well as to protect forests, the Legion helps this program. It also makes a tremendously significant investment in national security. For although the nation-wide forest inventory indicates that we probably have enough forest land, and that if care and forethought are used there need be no excuse for a timber shortage of national proportions, it also indicates that on lands primarily suited to forest growth we need more and better forests. And more and better forests will help increase the basic wealth of the nation.

The purpose of the nation-wide forest inventory, conducted by the Forest Service, is to find out what forests we have and where they are; how much forest depletion there is, and how and where it takes place; what we need in the way of forest products; how much forest growth we have and how much we can expect under real protection and management.

This inventory is not yet complete. It is, however, far enough along to indicate that although we have 630 million

acres of forest land, only 462 million acres are capable of growing commercial forests. It also indicates that about 73 million of these acres have been so abused that they are now virtually nonproductive; that about 174 million of them, now bearing trees that are below saw-timber sizes, are in general not heavily enough stocked to produce what they can and should; and that although 215 million acres—including our remaining virgin forests—now bear trees big enough for saw-timber, annual drain of species and sizes commonly used for that purpose is greater than the annual growth of those sizes and species.

But the forest inventory also indicates that the 73 million acres just mentioned are still *capable* of producing commercially valuable forests; that annual growth can be speeded up on the 174 million acres that now bear trees too small for saw-timber; that this area, and the 215 million acres that still have saw-timber trees, are *capable* of producing much more than they now do.

These and related facts seem to point to a way out for thousands of rural families suffering now for lack of work. Forest

restoration and improvement of forest stands could provide work for some of these people. The one could make additional lands productive again; the other could increase growth, and the proportion of the more valuable species in the stand.

The extent to which, through constructive and worth-while work, forest restoration and improvement of forest stands could create new wealth, is hinted at by recent investigations conducted in loblolly pine in Arkansas. Briefly, those investigations have determined that with the current average degree of understocking, an acre of loblolly pine there will, over a period of years, produce 4.5 times as much cellulose per acre per year as the average acre of cotton does. In other words, taking average Arkansas land on which there is an ordinary stand of loblolly pine, selective cutting of the annual growth would produce 4.5 times as much cellulose per year as the same average Arkansas land would produce if it were plowed and put into cotton. It has further been determined that if the average Arkansas acre of loblolly pine land be fully stocked and in full production it will produce eleven times as much cellulose per acre per year as is produced on the average Arkansas acre of cotton.

In presenting these figures I do not mean to imply that every acre of forest land in this country is capable of producing as much cellulose in as short a time as can be done in the South. That is obviously impossible, for growing conditions vary, as do opportunities for returns, between regions and localities. But I do want to point out that communities where forest lands are restored and improved may look thereafter for more stable and better standards of living gained from the harvest of continuous forest crops—if those crops are assured adequate protection and if they are not "mined" on a quick liquidation basis.

Fortunately, progress in these respects has been made in recent years. Fire protection has been extended. Reforestation has been increased. Some leaders among private owners have demonstrated that better forest practices can be made to pay currently; that they bring increased growth; and that they result in more and better growing stock, on which future operations and future income depend.

Although lightning sets some forest fires, most of them—more than 170,000 in 1937, for example—are man-caused. In that year 69 percent of all fires on forest lands in state and private ownership, and 94 percent of the area burned, were on some 182,700,000 acres that are still outside organized protection districts.

Real progress in harvesting the forest crop has been made by some leaders, to whom credit is due, but many private owners and operators are continuing methods of lumbering that have created many ghost towns and caused much human misery. (Continued on page 48)

AUGUST, 1939

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For Tomorrow's America

(Continued from page 47)

If our forests are to be conserved, such methods of cutting must be stopped. Owners of forest land are receiving public aid in the way of fire protection, help in replanting, and tax revision to make easier the financing of restoration. In exchange for such public aid as is now given, or may be extended, the owners of forest land should accept public regulation of cutting practices.

If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that in the past America has lived off the fat of its land; that for more than 150 years we have abused a heritage of soil and water and living things; that we are now paying for that abuse in terms of denuded forests, of erosion and floods of reservoirs, rivers, and harbors choked with silt, and of farms, communities, and

counties left desolate and entirely forlorn.

The American Legion has pledged itself to assist the program of restoring and protecting our resources of soil, water, and forests, and of using them so that replenishment and upbuilding rather than depletion and destruction may go hand in hand with use. This is essential to any sound policy of national defense. Some rehabilitation work, already under way, is being done by young men enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps. Federal agencies like the Forest Service, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Farm Security Administration, the Soil Conservation Service, and the Federal-State Extension Services, are also at work. They are cooperating day by day with farmers and other land owners

to work out better conservation practices and develop both natural and cultivated land crops without depleting the soil. And throughout the country land-use programs are now being initiated by State and county planning boards and conservation agencies in cooperation with the Federal Government.

This fight against fire and erosion, against misuse and waste of natural resources, is a constructive one. The work will not only strengthen a badly-scarred nation and provide useful, constructive jobs during periods of economic depression, but will mean assured supplies of raw materials for industry, more stable communities, and a nation truly prepared for any emergency whether it be in peace or war.

Back to The Front

(Continued from page 17)

Antelope tore slickers apart, bound wrists. Used dirty handkerchiefs and old machine-gun rags for gags. Tied the gags in place.

"Ready?" Joe asked. "Let's beat it fast." They ran down the ravine. They knew the gags and bandages wouldn't hold long. They settled into a steady lope and headed what they thought was due south. In ten minutes, winded, they came into a woods. They lay down.

Joe roused them. Took a compass bearing southwest. They slogged through the woods. Crossed a short open space. Back into Les Forgettes again. Now they were nearing their own lines with a fine chance to be shot by pals. They crept. At length a head raised in front of them. A bullet cracked past Joe's head.

"We're an American patrol!" he yelled. "Who are you?"

"Six Ninety-Third. Come in slow."

They did. Half a dozen doughboys covered them.

"Lead us to your major," gasped Joe. They took him a few yards to where a tall man lay prone. "I'm Major Buffington," he wheezed. "What do you birds want?"

"We don't want anything, major. We aim to give something. I'm commanding the machine gun company working with your battalion. McCracken's the name. Four of us just visited over in Germany and brought back the opposing division's maps."

"Oh, you did all that, eh? Let's see 'em, my boy."

Joe dragged the papers out. Major Buffington ducked under a blanket and snapped on a flash-light. He emerged.

"Lad, you've got something! Haven't

time to go all over them, but these maps seem to give their detailed disposition for defense. Sixteenth German division, that's the one opposite us all right. Hanoverians. These must go right back to our division headquarters. I'll send a detail. Now tell me, how did you gentlemen capture them?"

Said Oakley, "We organized a patrol and kept going until—"

Schultz croaked: "Major, he had nudgings to do with it. My lieutenant here, Choe McCracken, had der idear and led de party. He gits all der credit—all der medals if any."

"And I'll sure make the recommendation. I suggest you rejoin your outfit for the present. Don't want to be optimistic but I understand we'll be relieved sometime tomorrow. Glad to know you, McCracken. Splendid piece of work."

The four shambled off in the darkness.

"I've been calling you various names, Oakley," remarked Joe at last. "But they've all been wrong. You're merely an opportunist. You reach for the aces as every hand is dealt."

"Correct, McCracken. I'm no idealist. I grasp. I'll gladly admit I did all I could to beat you to that promotion. I'd have had you busted, too, if I could have put it over. Frankly, I don't like you. And let me add this: I welcome the chance to fight it out with you. I rated to be the best light heavy-weight in my class at college. And don't let any silly idea of difference in rank restrain you, for the major put you in for promotion the other night. I didn't get around to telling you."

"A better chance than this may never come. Stand back there, Schultz and Antelope. I'm ready to take him on and

willing to take twenty pokes from him to get one good one in."

He swayed, forcing his exhausted muscles to obey. Fought off an enveloping dizziness. Oakley dropped his hands negligently to his sides, waiting for the rush he knew was forthcoming. But a whizz-bang, started by the hand of some Hanoverian gunner, plumped close to them at that moment and the lights went out for both.

JOE came out from under ether to note with mild interest that someone was happily employed at robbing him. This individual had just succeeded in slipping the watch out of the rather tight small-pocket in Joe's pants and was holding it up by its chain to admire it.

"Is it still keeping time?" Joe groggily inquired and the hospital orderly, (for that was what the individual was,) answered aggrievedly but with a slight trace of embarrassment: "Just what I was tryin' to find out, Buddy," dropped the watch on Joe's chest and went his way.

Joe realized then that he was back among friends; in an American hospital where pals looted cheerily at the same time they administered sedatives and soup. He squirmed on his cot, getting a sharp jab in the left leg as he did so, and sized up the scene about him.

He was in a room with some twenty other men, most of them completely unconscious, others stirring vaguely as was Joe. It seemed to be early in the morning; gray light was struggling through a small window at the far end. It was stuffy and the odor of anesthetics prevailed. Quiet, except for groans and heavy breathing.

Past events began to come to Joe. He had been hit by a shell fragment a couple of days ago and, after being out for a few minutes, had been able to drag himself into a shell hole and apply first aid out of his own kit, feeling for it in the darkness. Oh, yes, and a man named Oakley had been hit at the same time and had lain as if dead. Too bad if he was and no chance to ever settle scores.

Then medical detachment men, brought by Schultz, had helped him back to a station where stretchers awaited. German prisoners were doing the carrying—contrary to the rules of land warfare as Joe recalled. Rules! The shelling was brisk and on his painful journey back he expected to be hit again momentarily. At the field hospital, a great tent city, he had waited for hours as early morning changed to high noon and then the shadows lengthened again.

When he first came the enemy had shared the tent's shelter but as the hours wore on and more and more wounded arrived the Germans were shoved outside. Once a doctor hustled up to jab Joe's arm with a long horse-needle—serum against tetanus. Another time a private brought weak and watery chocolate. Staring through the hours, Joe noted how some of the figures around him grew very still, their faces turning chalk white.

At length his turn had come to be lifted into an ambulance. His leg was throbbing now. A jolting, nerve-tearing ride to another hospital. Midnight. A sudden stop in a courtyard. Lights. Strong hands seizing the stretcher and laying him down in a room where scores of other men on stretchers already waited.

More hours and then the operating table. A few deep breaths of ether—and now he was here. Just as Major Hemingway had predicted, another wound. But not, it seemed, in his pitching arm or his trombone fingers. Perhaps he'd get back to Iowa, after all.

A young doctor came up briskly, favored him with a smile.

"Well, are you all right? Your wound is in the left leg, piece of shell fragment went through just above the knee. Bone not touched, muscle apparently uninjured. They cut away a large area to prevent infection. We're so crowded here we're going to send you back to a convalescent camp at once. You won't do so badly."

"Do you know what camp?"

"Oh, Allerey perhaps, or Vichy, or

Crespy. Make any difference to you?"

"Could you make it Crespy?"

"Do my best."

A HOSPITAL train, American, poking its way through the French countryside. Joe was placed in about the middle of one of the cars. His was a lower bunk. He dozed a good deal, lungs still clogged with ether fumes, came awake to watch the orderly bustle about ministering to the various whispered and shouted demands. A patient orderly, this, calmly receptive of much abuse.

He brought Joe a tray—soup, scrambled eggs, tea, jam. It tasted good. Joe ate slowly, lingering over each bite.

"Where we going?" he asked the man



"Quite a character! He's spent years in this vicinity!"

when finally he came back for the tray.

"Crespy, all of you in this car."

Joe grew excited. Good old Major Hemingway, would he still be there? No, busted undoubtedly by this time, by some meddling inspector. Too good, too efficient, too human.

An arrogant voice, coming from an upper bunk several yards forward, rose above the clatter.

"This service is outrageous," it rasped. "Believe me, I'll take pleasure in reporting this train to the commanding general. What a chuckle-headed orderly! You, fellow, a lighted cigaret instantly or I'll prefer charges against you!"

When the orderly had brought the cigaret Joe beckoned him over.

"Does it happen that the owner of that charming voice and disposition is down on your books as one Sedgwick Oakley?" asked Joe.

"Why, yes, that's his name. He ain't

very sick. Just cantankerous. Guess he's a right nice feller when you get to know him."

"Don't ever believe that," advised Joe.

Another morning found them pulling into Crespy-sur-Saone. November fifth, Joe figured. Gangs of stretcher-bearers were waiting and plunged into the cars to bring forth the wounded and load them into ambulances. A glimpse of the old familiar area around the station. A dash over the cobbled village street, then the open country. Joe's ambulance pulled up before a dormitory, men rushed out to unload it. Joe quickly found himself in a bed, soft, with chintz curtains at the windows, books and magazines piled on tables.

NEXT day Joe felt thoroughly at home and pleasantly was brought to realize that he was indeed back in the old, delightful routine of Camp Number Four. Breakfast brought him awake, a tray being set gently on the table by his side, then the aromas that mingled and the cheery clatter and bustle of cutlery and dishes throughout the ward. A smiling orderly wiped his face and hands with a wash-rag, fluffed up the pillows, placed the tray before him on the covers. It was a poem—eggs actually boiled, crunchy bacon, delicious butter, biscuits, honey, and the coffee he had been dreaming of.

In the mid-morning a sergeant came solicitously to his bedside, inquiring if all was well and what could he do. He snapped his fingers and had a man bring smoking supplies,

writing materials, magazines, shaving kit.

Lunch was a vision—a creamed soup hinting of mushrooms, liver and onions in proper and pleasing partnership, parsley potatoes and buttered beets and stuffed eggplant, the superlative coffee again—and then a lemon pie that began at the top with syrupy splashes and curlicues of brown and worked down through creamy meringue, firm yet yielding filling and an ultimate crust that crackled, broke and melted as it touched the tongue. Ah, yes, Major Hemingway was still in command and furthermore must have realized his whilom ambition—snared a pastry expert from the New Orleans field of influence to add to his culinary all-star team.

After lunch a light nap, from which Joe was aroused by a pair of orderlies bearing steaming basin, soap and towels. Deftly they

(Continued on page 50)

Back to The Front

(Continued from page 49)

bathed him, rubbing off the grime and erasing the strap-marks, but doing all gently. Then they whisked out clean pajamas and a gayly-figured bathrobe. After they had gone Joe shaved, working a creamy lather in the hot basin. A douse of toilet-water. A cigaret. A luxurious sinking-back into the heaped-up pillows and a lazy reach for a magazine.

His attention was attracted by an electric buzz of excitement that ran through the room. Whispers of "Here he comes!" Craning of necks. The door swung open before the arm of a snappy sergeant who stepped stiffly over the threshold, threw back his shoulders and barked: "Attention!" He was followed immediately by a beaming, portly and unmilitary figure who chirped "At ease, gentlemen," and swept down the aisle.

Major Hemingway! Major Otis J. Hemingway, Medical Corps, commanding. Late of attached service with the British army where he had learned how to do one's self well. Now the premier pamperer and all around swell guy of the A. E. F.

He waved a cheery hand to the others, called out names, but it was to the cot of Joe McCracken that he hurried. He grasped Joe's hand off the coverlet, shook it paternally while he sat down at bedside on a chair that a ready orderly shoved forward.

"Joe, you're back just in time. Bad flesh wound, I hear, but far from dangerous. Oh, I'm delighted you found your way to Number Four. Felt sure you would. Warned you not to leave here, you'll remember. We have great plans afoot and we need you."

"Pitching arm's still okeh, major."

"Oh yes, that. We'll have a ball club all right next spring, good enough for the World Series. But it's this autumn I'm thinking about. We're doing a play, a musical comedy."

"Not *The Merry Widow*, I trust, major."

"Heavens no, Joe. An original. An absolute knock-out. It happened like this: just after you insisted on leaving—and by the way McGuffey flunked out miserably at your trombone solos, had to be dropped from the orchestra, in fact I sent him back to Bordeaux—well, a lad was sent here from Toul convalescing from mustard. After a night or two in the big hall this man Cadwallader dropped in to see me and proposed we put on our own musical comedy. He had the plot all sketched out and quite a few of the lyrics. I called Jennifer in and he started on the music. Say, you'll go insane over their waltz, "Till we meet again, Madeleine, by the banks of the River Seine." I'll have Jennifer drop in and sing it for you."

"I can wait, I think, until I get over to

the hall. Should only be a couple more days, the way your chow is building me up."

"Better than ever, isn't it? But Cadwallader's story concerns—are you quite comfortable?—an American doughboy who falls in love, in billets, with a French demoiselle."

"I hope he's kept it clean."

"As a hound's tooth. Her father is an artist, an academicien of the old school who loves the finer things. Reluctantly he accepts Madeleine's estimate of the American soldier, Russell Winwood. The first act curtain is where the girl shyly brings Russell into the salon her father maintains, presents him and plays a ballad for the assembled company."

"Please go on, sir."

"There are of course numbers of supernumeraries—soldiers, peasants, artists, models, village folk. The second act is full of bustle and atmosphere and color. It is here that old Anton learns that the American, Winwood, is not a great musical artist as his daughter has told him but the player of a trombone in an American dance orchestra. A trombone,

mind you—see where you come in? A stormy scene of denunciation, Madeleine in tears. The guests arrive, Winwood comes late, just released from the guard-house under false suspicion of robbing the company fund—a German spy disguised as the chaplain has brought that about—and Old Anton orders him out. Madeleine screams. Guests insist the hero show his stuff—most of them deriding him. But Corporal Winwood breaks out his trombone, asks his pal Moriarity to accompany him on the spinnet and brings them to tears with his rendition of—"

"The song you told me about."

"Exactly. And Madeleine joins in with her lyric soprano."

"Who plays Madeleine?"

"A nurse—good, too. Then the whole scene swings to a smashing climax that fair brings you out of your chair."

"Is it in rehearsal, major?"

"No, no, we're just casting. Jennifer is directing and Shoemaker is conducting the orchestra. But picture the coincidence—Cadwallader knowing nothing about you but writing a part that absolutely demands you play it. And then you back here, providentially. Joe, you're elected."

The major was beaming. Joe felt he hadn't the heart to refuse. After all why not? The rehearsal would while away many a tedious hour.

"Put me down for the lead, then, major, to the best of my ability. And ask Jennifer to bring me a trombone so I can start practicing."

IT WAS the tenth of November. Late evening. Supper was over—roast mutton with capers, chef's salad, pineapple pudding and Stilton cheese—and the cast of "*Love in Flanders*" were gathered in a little alcove off the big recreation room, going through their lines, learning cues and trying out business. There had been changes and rearrangements. Whole pages of dialogue had been rewritten by Cadwallader, sometimes under extreme pressure, to be sure; entire scenes had been recast and complete musical numbers excised. But it was taking shape, believe Major Hemingway for that, and seemed to have the earmarks of a hit.

Joe had fitted snugly into the part of Corporal Winwood. Cadwallader admitted fate had cast him for it and Jennifer was happy over the coincidence. The Madeleine of the piece was a Miss Edna Ellenberg, army nurse, not a chicken by any means but petite, trim of figure, impudent of face and fair of voice. In fact, she could warble a right mean soprano, Joe decided, and did not mind at all his scenes opposite her.



"Here comes that representative of the Grippio-Suction-Sole Shoe Company again."

The bits had been taken care of finally: Father Merceau, the good village curé; Monsieur the Mayor of the town of Donedon; the village gossip; the matronly proprietor of the boulangerie; the crippled French provincial sitting on the street corner; the Yank captain; the brusque top kick; the mousy company clerk, the spy-chaplain; the old French sculptor, crony of Papa Anton; the models, the artists, the midinettes. Nurses and Y girls had taken the feminine parts. But one male part had defied proper filling—Papa Anton himself, dour, crusty, haughty. Two aspirants had been found wanting.

They were running through the third scene of Act One—where Joe as Winwood is left alone, after the departure of the company for drill, to work out a payroll for the captain. Set: village green-sward with ancient elm upstage; table down center; orchestra, off, softly rendering a reprise of the theme song. Madeleine trips on, sees Winwood, does startled fawn effect.

WINWOOD: (*rising*) Is there something I can do for you?

MADELEINE: Non, non, monsieur, nozzing for me, I do not know—je ne sais pas—zat anyone is here.

WINWOOD: Only me, madame.

MADELEINE: Mademoiselle, s'il vous plait.

WINWOOD: Mademoiselle, of course. The others, my good companions, have departed—

At this point Director Jennifer came into the scene, apologized and asked for a recess.

"That's okeh," he said. "Mind if we skip the rest of it now? Fact is, we've just lined up a new candidate for Old Papa Anton and I'd like to give him a quick try-out. Can we run him in now and the three of you try the final scene in Act One where Madeleine brings Winwood home for Papa's inspection?"

Miss Ellenberg and Joe said no, they didn't mind at all, and Jennifer went out to bring in the new Papa Anton. It was Sedgwick Oakley.

Joe hadn't seen him since the night they started toward each other, only a few days ago although it seemed ages, up at the edge of the Bois des Forgettes. True, he had heard his voice on the hospital train. The etiquette of the occasion seemed to demand some recognition. Joe bowed, although stiffly, and Oakley nodded in return.

"Let's run through it quickly," Jennifer suggested. "Lieutenant Oakley here has learned the part and understands the character. All right, let's start now where Anton is seated before the fire in his quaint old studio. He is busy with his reveries."

Oakley took up the pose. Buried his head in his hands. Studied an imaginary blaze on the hearth. No question, he looked the part—the lean, aristocratic old Anton, jealous of his daughter's good name. Joe and Miss Ellenberg waited

for the cue, then romped through an imaginary door and up to the startled Papa Anton. They played the scene:

MADELEINE (suddenly shy): Papa, you have wondered what ze Americains were like. Zis gentleman I have met through ze good curé and he has consented to call.

ANTON (*rising*): You are then an officer of the Armée Américaine?

WINWOOD: No, sir, not an officer, I am afraid. But in our land all are in one great brotherhood, officers and men alike, and I, sir, am proud to say that I am a corporal.

MADELEINE: (*Continued on page 52*)

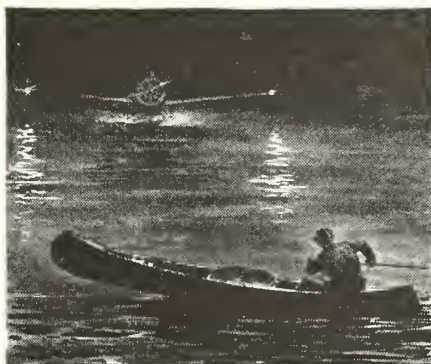
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④ "The plane shot aside as it took the air, missing my canoe by what seemed like inches! I think I can truthfully say that those 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries saved my life. I'll tell the world I'll never be without them in my flashlight. It just doesn't pay to take chances. (Signed)

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Back to The Front

(Continued from page 51)

(giggling): Le Petit Caporal, n'est ce pas?

ANTON: Petit? Non. Gros. But sit down, my friend, and tell me about your home coundree.

WINWOOD: Very well, sir. I shall. I was born—

But here Captain Jennifer interrupted again and asked them to try the scene over. "You've got it all right," he told Oakley, and nodded enthusiastically to Joe. "You've got the right touch. But let's do it again, once more, to be sure."

An orderly dashed into the room.

"Please, quick, gentlemen," he gasped. "Major Hemingway's just come into the big hall and has called for complete attention. He asks that you all come out there at once."

The cast—smiling, excited, impatient—trooped after the orderly. The big hall. Five hundred men were gathered there—the orchestra that occupied the raised platform up front; the inner fringe of devoted listeners; the outer fringe of card-players, readers, writers, mere conversationalists. Five hundred American officers, shavetails to lieutenant-colonels, in various stages of recovery from gas, gun shot wounds, pneumonia; now cheerily on the mend, appreciative of the egregious hospitality of Major Hemingway.

They were all attention: waiting. The musicians were stilled, the card-players quiet, the talkers repressed. They realized that something portentous was in the air. It was unusual. Major Hemingway did not interrupt the after-supper hour without grave cause.

He stood now on a table in the center of the room, under the great lamp. He was peering around at them, fixing them with his eyes, waiting impatiently for complete silence. It came in a sudden hush of tenseness. Major Hemingway began to speak:

"Gentlemen, I bring you tidings of the most tremendous importance. This moment is historical. Never, for my part, will I ever utter words so meaningful as these. Listen, and do not miss a syllable of what I say. It affects your lives and futures, that of your families, your country, the world. Gentlemen, the Great War has come to its end."

A gargantuan gasp ran around the room.

"Tomorrow morning, at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of

the eleventh month, the Armistice will begin. That means that twenty millions of mothers can breathe a prayer of gratitude instead of supplication. Think of it—the war ended."

A rasping cheer came from some one, an abortive college yell; then desultory hand-clapping, then silence again.

"I have here the terms of the armistice as announced in the General Order sent out to all unit commanders tonight. Several days ago, it seems, Marshal Foch and the German envoys met and arranged terms—Foch gave the terms

Turning the mid-year with a paid 1939 membership of one million—80,000 ahead of the enrollment of a year ago—The American Legion has definitely made its second highest membership record. When the Twenty-first National Convention opens in the city of Chicago on Sept. 25th the delegates will represent a membership topping the million mark—and may even exceed the highest record of 1,053,909 rolled up in 1931. Chicago, too, is expecting to make a new record in convention attendance and entertainment of delegates and visitors. The dates are—mark them down—September 25th to 28th.

and they listened. Now they have accepted, yielding utterly. Under the armistice terms the enemy is forced to immediately evacuate all French and Belgian soil, free all prisoners, and surrender to the Allies 5000 field guns, 30,000 machine-guns, 2000 airplanes, 10,000 trucks, 5000 locomotives—the list is endless. The victory is complete. Tomorrow at eleven in the morning. Think of it—peace at last."

The five hundred turned toward each other. Men clapped other men on the back. One or two shouted, then scores. It reminded Joe of a poorly-organized celebration on the field after a football victory. A group gathered at the piano. Someone got the orchestra to play "Armantières." They changed that to "Long, Long Trail." Men crowded around the

major, asking more details. He climbed down from the table and gave them. Men ran up and asked him, grinning, for leave and he said yes. Knots started off for the village. Other knots talked it over, growing more excited. Some went to send cables home. Others to write letters. The noise increased. Some were silent in corners as if thinking—or praying.

Joe, wandering about, dazed by the news, met Sedgwick Oakley face to face.

"How bad were you hurt?" he asked coldly.

"Splinter through my shin. And you, McCracken?"

"Same, left leg. Armistice or not, musical comedy or not, I'll never forget the dirty trick you did me."

"Don't blame you. Suggest we get our strength back, then have it out."

"It won't take me long."

"Nor me. Another two weeks, say?"

"Plenty."

THANKSGIVING Day and that night would see the premiere of "Love in Flanders." All Camp Number Four was agog, those who were in the play and those who would comprise the audience. After all, days were tedious despite the tender ministrations of Major Hemingway, hearts were yearning more and more for the Old Gal on Bedloe's Island, and even an amateur musical comedy was welcome distraction. The cast were letter-perfect and business-perfect, the orchestra on a fine edge.

In mid-afternoon, Joe McCracken went to the postoffice and found three letters: one from his folks, one from Rosemary and one from his faithful platoon sergeant, Gus Schultz. He retired to his room to read them.

Adhering to an old boyhood custom of leaving the frosting to the last, he partook first of the missive from the family. It acknowledged his reassuring cable sent just after he returned to Crespy. "Papa sends love, too, and he is so proud of you. He says business is unusually good. Last week, he sold the old Ellis place to Mr. Carpenter for \$12,000 and it looks as if a boom has started out in the direction of the Vandover Road. Farm land is still booming and papa says—"

Next, Sergeant Gus: "First off, Lieutenant Choe, I want to tell youse how glad we all was you wasn't killed by that shell but it seemed Oakley wasn't killed,

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Karl Detzer, Leelanau County Post, Leland, Michigan.

Frank Street, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.

Warren H. Atherton, Karl Ross Post, Stockton, California.

James E. Darst, St. Louis (Missouri) Post.

J. W. Schlaikjer, Winner (South Dakota) Post.

Jimmy Dykes, Russell Goss Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A. A. Sprague, Harold A. Taylor Post, Chicago, Illinois.

Joseph J. Gleeson, Allied Post, Ford City, Pennsylvania.

Harry Townsend, Frank C. Godfrey Post, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Earle C. Jameson, Sawtelle (California) Post.

V. E. Pyles, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

too, so the boys didn't celebrate too much. Did you hear Major Headley lost his mind? Yes, real nutty, yes, from the exposure they say. Before he goes back though he puts you in for permotion and the captain—dot's Captain Biggers, yet, you don't know him, he come up after der Armisteece and tells us how our shoes ought to be better shined—he says your permotion ought to stick this time. But who can say in this nutty war? Maybe yet they prefer charges against you for getting hit and you'll end up yet a private, first class. And, oh, yess, I got it straight from the infantry mess sergeant that the infantry major—Buffington, it was—has recommend you for some kind of medal. For that patrol you take us on. I hope you get it. Hurry and get well and come join us up in Germany. Lots of my cousins here, ha-ha. They ain't bad fellers. I tell you we sleep and eat better since de Armisteece. So hurry back, join us. Good-bye and good-luck. P. S. That rat Oakley he didn't do nothing much except prefer charges against me for insubordination because I wouldn't let him claim credit for our raid. Preferred charges before they carried him back. I guess they take two-thirds my pay, eh?"

Joe put the letter down and boiled. Good old faithful Gus charged with insubordination because he wouldn't stand for a lie!

Well, Joe felt he was about ready for Oakley. His strength had almost entirely returned. His wind was good. Generally unobserved he had, for the last two weeks, undertaken steady roadwork, had shadow-boxed. A course of setting-up exercises had put his muscles on edge. And he had another ace up his sleeve: he had gone to the other side of the camp to enlist the tutelage of a corporal who knew all the secrets of jab and poke. Joe had studied hard.

He opened Rosemary's letter: "I was so thrilled to get a letter from you and to read how you went over the top—is that what you call it?—and got shot at and everything. My, how scared you must of been except I guess you soldiers don't get scared like we—us—back here. My, I do hope they give you a medal, like you say they promised. Will you let me look at it, if you do get one, and will you tell me all about how you won it? Things pretty quiet here. Mama gave me a party for my eighteenth birthday but there was only a few of us kids and old friends of the family to attend. So glad you liked my sweater and are wearing it. Please write again. I can hardly wait to see you and you are simply marvelous!"

It would be good to get back. See the folks again. What would this youngster be like? Maybe the orders would come

in a short time now to embark for home.

Joe took a shower, shaved, strolled to the big hall. The pre-supper crowd was excited. Joe asked what was up.

"Some of us may be going home. Hemingway got some orders today."

Joe, with Jennifer and Ike Morgan, went in for an early supper. Even tastier than usual in honor of the occasion:



"Ahoy, there—man overboard!"

roast duck, sage dressing, creamed celery, baked tomatoes, apple dumplings, camembert. A cigaret or so and then to don costume. They took a look at the stage. First act set in place. Curtain and foots working. Already, beyond the curtain, a small crackle of voices, early-comers taking the front-row seats.

Joe put on his corporal's uniform—Winwood, the hero. Sanderson, the make-up man, put a healthy flush on his cheeks, gave him good, beetling eyebrows. Miss Ellenberg hurried in, breathless, and retired into the girls' alcove. The bit part players strolled by—village curé, mayor, gossip. It was seven-thirty. The curtain would rise at eight.

Now the orchestra. A great bustling as fiddles were lifted from cases, horns unlimbered. Tootlings and scrapings, the running of scales. Thumbing of G-strings, and tightening of E's. Exodus of musicians, out front, more tuning, coming faintly now from behind the curtain, then the crash of the first notes of the overture. Joe's heart skipped a beat or two in spite of him. It was exciting to go on. These tunes that Jennifer, Cadwallader and others had concocted sounded really thrilling. Tuneful, too. He wouldn't go up in his lines. Miss Ellenberg was a good trouper, damned good for a nurse. Oakley. An ordeal to play opposite that basket tonight when he'd just learned what he'd done to Gus.

Here Oakley was now. He brushed

impatiently through the mob, elbowed himself a place at a table, called for Sanderson. Joe, pulse quickening, walked to the curtain and looked out through the peep-hole. Chairs almost filled. A joshing, happy, exuberant crowd. The rumor of going home excited them like heady wine. Ten minutes to curtain time.

"Joe McCracken!" Someone called him. He turned. Major Hemingway was waiting.

"Joe, I've good news for you. Your orders have come through."

"What orders?"

"To go home."

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course. You must leave tonight as soon as the play is over. A truck will take you and thirty-two others to Chalons where you can make connections for Bordeaux. You'll catch the *Firenze*. Back in New York in twelve days. In your Iowa bailiwick in two more. I hate to see you go, Joe. You're the kind makes a war liveable."

"You're describing yourself, Major—to a tee."

"I tried to be a human being."

"You sure as hell succeeded."

"Give 'em a swell performance tonight, Joe. At final curtain, report at the camp P. C., and pick up the truck. There'll be a lot of confusion, then. If I don't see you again—best."

"Best to you, major. Swellest medico ever felt a pulse." They shook hands.

First call. Jennifer dashing about. Cadwallader in the wings, pawing over the script. Stage crew in place. Set okeh. Props okeh. Cue goes to the orchestra. Music chops. Curtain up. Quick hush in audience. The swaggering top-kick and the mousy company clerk walk on. "Love in Flanders" has started.

Through the first act. Joe comes on to a heartening ripple of applause, begins his business of joshing the company clerk. Gets bawling-out from hard-boiled sergeant. Captain asks who can handle pay-roll now that company clerk is quarantined, selects Winwood. Rest of company marches off to drill while our hero works under elm. Madeleine comes on, shyly. Acquaintanceship ripens. Interest. The new-found friends go to call on Papa Anton. Joe played the scene with rising distaste for Oakley.

Act Two. Papa Anton finds that Corporal Winwood is not the great artist his daughter has implied but merely a jazz-band trombone player. The assembled guests insist on Winwood showing his stuff. He obliges with that heart-searching ballad, "Till We Meet Again, Madeleine, By the Banks of the River Seine." Joe put all he had into the rendition—made the old trombone moan and giggle and cha-cha. Swell stuff. The heroine comes in with her soprano. The guests—hostile only a few (Continued on page 51)

Back to The Front

(Continued from page 53)

minutes before—swell the chorus. Orchestra up full. Ensemble back against the studio drapes. Slow curtain on a full and high note.

Third set. The German spy, disguised as a chaplain, is arrested and Winwood cleared of the baseless charge he has embezzled company funds. Papa Anton melts under Madeleine's tears and permits her a last rendezvous with the hero. But the captain and the tough first-sergeant have a piece of news and draw up the entire company to witness the presentation to Winwood of the Distinguished Service Cross. Papa Anton breaks down. Big scene. Hands-across-the-seas stuff. Blessings on the two young folk. Reprise. And the mousy corporal breaks in with the information that Winwood is really the heir to one of the great fortunes of Les Etats Unis. Bring out the wine. Village characters in. Curé beaming benediction. Old soldier clapping old gossip on back. Midinettes dancing. Yanks roaring chorus. Up orchestra again. All lights on. Every voice in high. Slow, oh very slow, curtain.

Then the applause. Deafening. Best show A. E. F. ever saw. Best stunt old Camp Number Four ever pulled. Best

thing good old Major Hemingway ever did. Hurrah for the major. Hurrah for the author. H'ray for the cast.

The curtain calls started. Joe waited in the wings, more excited than he cared to admit, for his turn. He and Madeleine took a bow. Then he and the tough sergeant. Now Madeleine and her father—Papa Anton—Oakley. Yes, there he was. The bird who had spiked his promotion, tried to get him blooeyed, tried to steal his credit. But, most of all, the son-of-a-bishop who had preferred charges against good old Gus Schultz. And now he would go scot-free. Soon as the show was over, farewell for Joe. No more chance to see Oakley again.

Continued applause. Curtain up again. Jennifer beckoning. Joe and Oakley now. From opposite wings they came to the center. Spots on them. Bows. Joe, heart pounding, held up a hand.

"Fellows, the show is over. Major Hemingway—God bless him—tells me that as soon as this ends, thirty of us catch a truck to Chalons, make a train for Bordeaux, then home. Just another word: most of us met a greater majority of swell fellows in this man's army. But once in a thousand times we ran up against a rat.

By my side now is one of these exceptions. I've been spoiling to get a crack at him for personal reasons, but chances are I'd have let it go. But today I learn he dirty-tricked the squarest-shooting man I know, my platoon sergeant, Gus Schultz. For that I'm socking one Sedgwick Oakley in the nose—right now."

Joe socked. Oakley threw up his left. Joe closed in. Oakley fainted, swung a mean right upper-cut. Man could box. Joe called tactics, ducked, closed. Backed away. Led with his left, fainted again, came over with his right back of Oakley's ear. Quick right again, to point of jaw. Oakley crumpled. Joe stepped close. Sunk his left into the center of Oakley's stomach as he went down.

They had forgotten to bring down the curtain. It drifted down now. Roars from the other side. Joe dashed for the dressing room. Stripped off the costume. Washed away the make-up. Uniform again. Overcoat. A rush through the crowd, claps on back, yells, waves. A run down the street to the camp headquarters. A waiting truck. A quick hoist aboard. Engine purring. Let's go. Off for Chalons, Bordeaux, home.

THE END

Never Again?

(Continued from page 11)

any rate he was not a selfish isolationist.

The truth is that the word "isolation" clamors for definition. Those who use it should explain clearly just what they mean.

If the term is applied to one whose offense is that he does not agree with his critic on some matter of policy, the critic's argument is not helped by a mere repetition of the word. The true question is, what *is* the policy under discussion and is it right or wrong? If, on the other hand, the term denotes the decent reserve of a well-bred family in an apartment house,

who neither intervene in their neighbor's quarrels nor shout denunciations through the keyhole, then the term is descriptive of one of the most desirable traits of civilized man. To talk with owl-like solemnity about the futility of "isolation" is neither creditable to the talker nor convincing to his hearers.

If, as a result of the disillusionment which followed the World War we first determine that our proper policy is to make America strong and to shun war unless we are attacked, we are likely to

make in this way the greatest possible contribution to the cause of civilization. It is something more than a coincidence that the Franklin Penny,* the first coin minted under the authority of the United States, carried upon its face this homely and sagacious injunction: "Mind Your Business." It would be reassuring if Congress were today to authorize the minting of a new coin bearing the slogan "Never Again."

*See Resolution of Congress (under the Articles of Confederation) July 6, 1787.

Ready?—We'd Better Be

(Continued from page 13)

Awakened at last to our unpreparedness, the people of the United States demand an adequate defense.

The American Legion asks for a navy "second to none." Naval authorities agree that if the Panama Canal is kept open that both the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts can be defended against any foreseeable attack, by such a navy. No nation can safely move against our Pacific Coast without first gaining command of the sea. A navy second to none, with bases in Alaska, in the Hawaiian Islands, and on the Pacific Coast, would operate with

distinct advantage against a hostile force whose bases must necessarily be 4000 or more miles away. If at the start of hostilities our Navy were on the Pacific side, it could pass through the Panama Canal quickly enough to operate against any navy threatening attack from the East. Operating from a base on the Canal, in the West Indies or on the North Atlantic Coast, the Navy would have the same advantage as in the Pacific engaging an enemy separated by long distance from its supporting base. The cost of two navies each equal to the strength of any

foreign navy would be prohibitive. To divide our fleet would be to subject it to destruction piecemeal by a superior force. The Panama Canal must therefore be made impregnable so that our fighting fleet may keep together as one battle unit. The chance that we would ever have to engage foes on the East and West simultaneously, each with a fleet as powerful as our own, is so slight as to be negligible.

An enemy would not dare invade our mainland until he had established nearby land bases. He could not do this without

assembly of transport, troops and supplies, which would require months.

On our Atlantic Coast an attempt at invasion would be flanked by our positions in the West Indies and our fleet based on them. In the Pacific he could not come inside a line from the Aleutians to Hawaii to the Canal, without exposure to encirclement. A major attack cannot therefore be made upon our nation until our Navy has been defeated and our offshore bases captured.

Present plans of the War Department call for a Regular Army of 200,000 and a National Guard of 210,000. These troops are to be fully equipped with modern weapons and ready for immediate mobilization. These forces are to be augmented with 600,000 citizen soldiers in ninety days. Reserves of arms, ammunition and supplies sufficient to enable this army to take the field are to be established. One million men should be enough to repel any invasion we can visualize right now.

Our Army is still equipped with World War rifles. The Garand automatic rifle which would increase the fire power of infantry units five-fold has been approved. To date, however, production has been in small quantities only.

Our army artillery is also still using World War weapons. Some of these have been modernized but many more are still horse-drawn equipment.

Highly effective anti-aircraft units and fast tanks have been developed experimentally but have not yet been produced in any quantity.

Better progress has been made in bringing our air arm to a high state of efficiency. Six thousand planes for the Army and 3000 planes for the Navy have been authorized. Provision has been made for the training of aviation cadets and reserve pilots in sufficient number to man the new ships. Expansion of personnel to implement bases and ground facilities has been authorized.

Our Merchant Marine is being brought out of its comatose condition. No ocean-going commercial ships were constructed in the United States for 15 years after 1922. During this period American ships became outmoded, many were laid up and their crews dispersed. New ships of modern design with skilled, disciplined and loyal personnel were vitally needed to serve the public interest in peacetime and to provide reserve strength for our nation in time of war. In time of war a nation cannot rely upon the ships of other countries to supply its navy and armies and to maintain its commerce. The Maritime Commission has commenced the construction of much needed modern vessels at the rate of fifty per year. It has also opened schools to train personnel in the fundamentals of seamanship, discipline and loyalty.

No army or navy could long fight under present-day conditions without the support of industry geared to war-time production. (Continued on page 56)

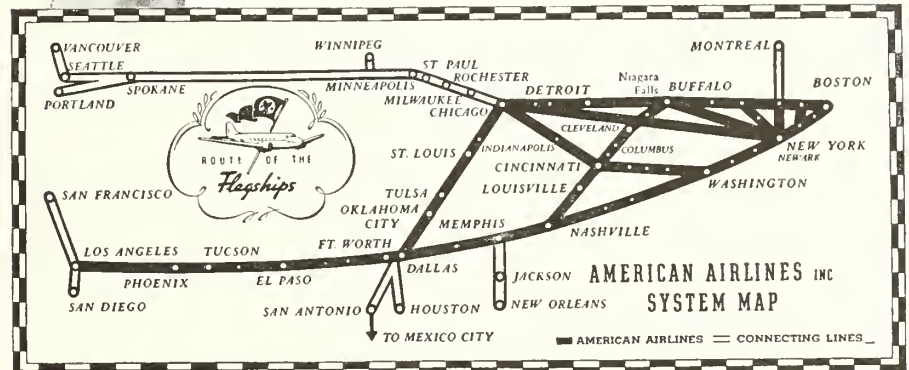
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Ready?~We'd Better Be

(Continued from page 55)

The War Department has made studies to determine requirements and to fix standards and specifications. Surveys have been conducted upon which to base an orderly allocation of production; sample orders are being awarded to familiarize industry with manufacture of wartime materials and to bring about the tooling-up necessary for production. The creation of reserves of critical wartime materials has been authorized and provided for. This widespread procurement program should minimize profiteering and facilitate maximum production in case of need.

The 76th Congress authorized the greatest expenditure for national defense of any peacetime Congress. Authorizations and appropriations total more than two and a half billion dollars. Provision was made for expanding the Army Air Corps to 6000 planes, for the training of pilots, for educational orders to give private industry experience in manufacturing matériel and munitions, for strengthening Panama Canal Zone defenses, for carrying out the recommendations

of the Hepburn Board for naval air bases in Alaska, the Mid-Pacific and the Caribbean, for two super-dreadnoughts, for cruisers, destroyers, submarines, an aircraft carrier and auxiliary vessels, for construction work at naval bases, for acquiring reserves of manganese, rubber, tin, and other strategic materials not obtainable in the United States, for increasing the personnel of the Army and National Guard, for CMTC and ROTC training and for the general maintenance of the Army and Navy.

The construction of ships, depots and bases has already begun. The manufacture of armament and ammunition has been commenced. The letting of educational orders and the acquirement of reserves of critical materials has started. The long educational program of The American Legion is bearing fruit. The greatest peacetime defense program of the United States is under way. The year 1940 will find us sufficiently well prepared to defend our people and our possessions to cause the brashest of bullies to respect our rights.

Battleships, arms and munitions will not alone be enough to insure the safety of democracy; without the support of a loyal citizenry the most modern of death-dealing weapons cannot save our nation. The American Legion must continue its leadership in developing appreciation for the advantages of American citizenship. Legionnaires mindful of our privileges must ever teach loyalty. Our organization must build love of country into an impregnable moral force in defense of liberty.

In the language of Lord Baldwin, former prime minister of Britain, "The strength of a nation consists in the vitality of her principles. Policy, foreign as well as domestic, is for every nation ultimately determined by the character of her people and the inspiration of her leaders; by the acceptance in their lives and in their policy of honesty, faith, and love as the foundations on which a new world may be built. Without these qualities, the strongest armaments, the most elaborate pacts only postpone the hour of reckoning."

A Mile of Pennies

(Continued from page 31)

Italian patriot who rendered outstanding service to the cause of American independence, has set a youth activity program for itself that is eminently worth while. Commander Paul P. Rao writes:

"Colonel Francis Vigo Post has four junior divisions—junior drum and bugle corps, junior army cadet corps, junior naval cadet corps, and junior Red Cross division—in all approximately four hundred children are enrolled in these established units. Above all these young people are taught that there is only one flag to honor and respect and that the government of our forefathers is the best kind of government ever devised.

"Our Post is training our boys in the various corps to become good American citizens, and at the same time is keeping them busy and off the city streets. Their minds are kept occupied by details of training and instruction. These boys meet several times a week either at the clubhouse at 232 East 75th Street, New York, or at a convenient gymnasium, where they go through their maneuvers or practice on their various musical instruments.

"The Red Cross division, headed by Miss Rose Savarese, is a class of seventy girls between the ages of ten and eighteen years. They, too, are brought together several times a week for instruction in

first-aid methods by physicians and competent instructors. All our groups are fully uniformed. The girls have full Red Cross uniforms; the boys in the drum and bugle corps are dressed in military style with scarlet jackets and hats and royal blue trousers. The boys in the cadet corps are dressed in the regular uniform of the service.

"Colonel Francis Vigo Post is doing everything in its power to foster and to make better citizens for the world of tomorrow."

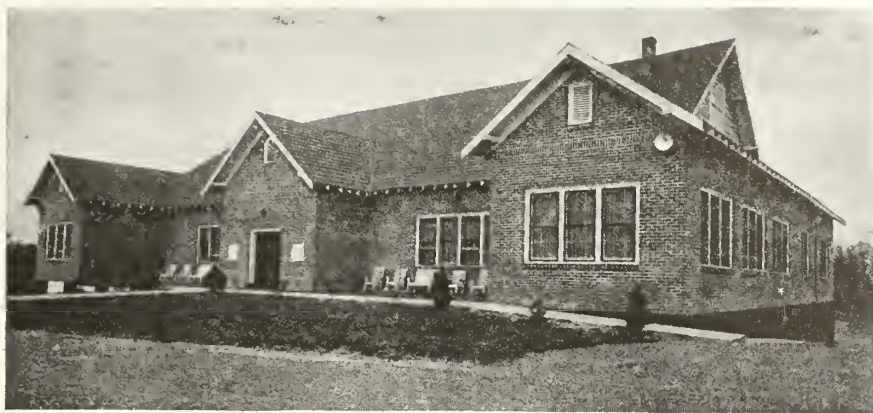
Deloused Order of Duds

HOMER WHITE POST, Hiawatha, Kansas, has an active bunch of Past Commanders, real workers who attend Post meetings and take an active part in its affairs. Perhaps that is why they are called duds. Le Grand Cootie Y. S. Beans, Past Department Chaplain of Kansas, now guiding the destiny of Dugout No. 1, Deloused Order of Duds, Kansas Sector, tells this department just how and why these Past Commanders are kept keyed up for action:

"The Deloused Order of Duds was conceived in the office of a Hiawatha attorney early in the winter of 1938. Five Past Commanders of Homer White Post came to the conclusion that some-

thing ought to be done to immunize Past Commanders against the characteristic malady which ordinarily strikes past executives after a term in office. A two-section ritual was written and rehearsed—the first section takes the candidate, designated as a crab, through an impressive ceremony; he assumes an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of The American Legion; to attend the meetings of the local Post, and to practice fraternity among all past and future Commanders. The second section is a dramatic interpretation of the first part, in which the crab is taken through all the experiences peculiar to a soldier from the day of enlistment to discharge.

"A delousing ceremony was held every two weeks until all the Past Commanders of Homer White Post were brought into membership. Now, as a practical result of the activity of the Deloused Order nearly every Post meeting finds a one hundred percent attendance of Past Commanders—one of the very best records that can be boasted in the Department of Kansas. Membership is restricted to Past Commanders of Homer White Post, the single exception being in the case of Governor Payne Ratner, Legionnaire, who was admitted as an honorary member."



The splendid home of Tupelo (Mississippi) Post, one of the best in the Department. Legionnaires from coast to coast know the Post's Drum and Bugle Corps and its fine performance in past National Convention parades

Noon-Hour Worship

AARON POST, Chicago, sends a cordial invitation to all Legionnaires in attendance at the National Convention, September 25th to 28th, to join in a noon-day worship at some convenient meeting place in the center of convention affairs. This Post has consecrated itself to the service of God and its work is non-sectarian; it has done much to combat intolerance in its area. Says Clarence R. Goddard, Junior Vice Commander: "We intend to provide a central location in a loop theater where those who wish may get away from the noise and hurry of the convention and rest, relax and renew their strength by worshipping God with us for a short time every day. These are strictly non-sectarian meetings, held through the courtesy of the Christian Business Men's Committee. Well-known Legionnaires, outstanding as ministers and singers, will lead these meetings and members of our Post will be on hand to make every comrade who attends feel at home."

Of the Post and its work, Junior Vice Commander Goddard says: "Nearly four years ago, after a number of our charter members had worked faithfully for more than a month, Aaron Post was organized with the minimum requirement of members. Today our membership numbers more than eighty. Each year has seen our membership greater than the year before, most of the new members newcomers into the Legion. Our service work is notable and unique; indeed, we believe it is without precedent or parallel. We have given more than 2,000 Bibles to patients at Hines Hospital and other Veterans' Facilities, and regularly hold one or more Sunday services each month at Hines. The Post has never lacked for funds to supply every demand for this phase of our work, and in obtaining these funds we have gone into the churches. There we have made many friends for the Legion and have, we believe, promoted a better understanding of its unselfish aims and program. We invite each Legionnaire to associate with us

while at the Convention. We expect to be much in evidence in the heart of the Loop every noon-time with good speakers, good singers and good fellowship."

Florida Day Nursery

"LEGION homes and clubhouses have been used for a wide variety of purposes," writes Clifford B. Savage, Historian of Everglades Post, Belle Glades, Florida, "but ours has the distinction of housing a day nursery. This project was operated twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week during the spring vegetable crop season, which extended from February until May. There was need for such an institution in our town, which is located on the eastern shore of Lake Okeechobee, in the center of a great vegetable producing area. About 500 transient workers—typical migratory laborers—are required each year to handle the crop. Fathers, mothers and older children work in the packing houses, leaving the younger ones 'on their own' from noon until midnight.

"The Legion home, a large structure with plenty of floor space, was offered by the Post as a day nursery and the offer was accepted by the Belle Glade Community Center, a civic organization which had been set up to care for the neglected children. The children cared for range in ages from six months to six years. Before being admitted to the nursery they were given a thorough medical examination; they were bathed daily, fed three meals a day and furnished clean, comfortable sleeping quarters. A registered nurse was on duty throughout the twenty-four-hour day, assisted by several volunteer workers.

"The children were instructed in kindergarten and elementary school subjects, and in directed play under competent supervision. An expenditure of approximately \$1,000 was necessary to put the Legion home in condition to house and equip the day nursery, but the remarkable thing about this experiment in social service was its financial success, with all bills paid (*Continued on page 58*)



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A Mile of Pennies

(Continued from page 57)

and a surplus in the bank when the nursery closed. Parents were charged \$1.75 per week for one child, and \$1.00 for each additional child. This nominal sum was not adequate to meet the expenses and additional sums were received from churches and civic organizations, packing houses and other business houses. It is planned to continue the school and nursery with greatly increased capacity during the coming crop-packing season, and keep it open for our guests from fall until spring."

Legion Shorts

COMMANDER Dave L. Wiley, of Mount Dora (Florida) Post, writes of an unusual award for outstanding service made by his Post. Thomas Ralph E. Townsend, aged 18, won the Post's school award medal; his sister, La Verne Townsend, aged 17, won the citizenship school award offered by the Auxiliary. The medalists are children of Legionnaire Thomas A. Townsend . . . Through the efforts of East Elmhurst (New York)

Post, a square at 102nd Street and Astoria Boulevard has been set apart and dedicated as Leif Barclay Memorial Square, named in honor of Sergeant Leif Barclay, killed in service with the Lafayette Escadrille in France . . . Camp Chase Post, Columbus, Ohio, celebrated its tenth anniversary with a great jubilee. Feature of the celebration, writes Commander Arthur J. Bellar, was a two-hour show, free to the public, with a star-studded cast in the West High School auditorium. **BOYD B. STUTLER**

Mary's Little Lambs

(Continued from page 35)

than surrender to any of the other Allied forces. Aware of the fact that the Armistice was soon to be signed, the commander of the 15,000-ton *Rudetzky* secretly sent a message to the commander of the U. S. Fleet arranging the surrender of the Austrian fleet to the Americans, to the exclusion of the naval units of other Allied countries that had ships in that area. When the great day arrived, everything went smoothly according to plan and the Austro-Hungarian ships were turned over to our Navy.

"Lieutenant Kipp was ordered aboard the prize ship *Rudetzky* as Navigating Officer, an assignment which lasted about six months, after which he was returned home and relieved of active duty on June 23, 1919. Comrade Kipp later received the Navy Cross with the following citation: 'For distinguished service in the line of his profession as commanding officer of the U. S. S. C. 256 engaged in important, exacting and hazardous duty of patrolling the waters of the war zone and operating against enemy submarines. For the President—(signed) Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy.'"

THEY'RE not unknown to the Then and Now Gang—the Siberian Snow Dogs—because we've had pictures and stories of them in this department and, no doubt, you read George T. Armitage's prize-winner, "Ah, Those Americans," in the July issue. We refer, of course, to those men who served in the A. E. F. Siberia, among whom was a young 1st Lieutenant from Seattle, Washington, who this year has been serving the Legion as National Commander—Stephen F. Chadwick.

We're glad, though, that Legionnaire Harry H. Carey of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, con-

tributed the picture of a group of officers of the Siberian outfit, in which is at least one of our honored comrades who gave his life while serving as Commander of a Legion Post, and perhaps even National Commander Chadwick himself. We haven't asked the Commander if he is in the group, so the picture may be a surprise to him, too. Here is Comrade Carey's letter that accompanied the picture, which you will find on page 35:

"Twenty years ago, during the month of April, a portion of the Siberian Snow Dogs (as the organization of officers and others who had spent the winter with the Russky brethren were pleased to call themselves) were on the transport *Logan* en route to San Francisco and their homes. Looking through my war archives, I found the enclosed picture and booklet.

"The officer without headgear whose blonde features appear in the right center of the group was Warren C. Grimm, victim of the Centralia, Washington, Armistice Day tragedy back in 1919 when I. W. W.'s fired upon the parade

of the Legion Post of which Grimm was Commander.

"Incidentally, it strikes me that perhaps the bare-headed chap at the top right, whose head is about even with the boat deck, may be none other than our present National Commander, Steve Chadwick. This would take official verification, but you will find Chadwick's name in the roster of 'Picked Up Curs,' as the members of the Siberian Snow Dogs were known. The organization's officers bore such titles as Chief Cur, Doorkeeper of the Sacred Kennel, Police Dog, Leader of the Sanitary Pack, Fang Extractor and Keeper of the Bones and Biscuits. Perhaps the National Commander will tell us if I'm right in my identification.

"Some of the men in the roster have gone places: Lester K. Ade, who was our Base Censor, is at present in the Pennsylvania Governor's Cabinet, in charge of Public Instruction. Major Sidney Graves, I think, was the son of Major General William S. Graves, the Expedition Commander. A number of others of that group must be active in various important affairs of our country and I would be interested in hearing from them."

"HAVING seen lately in Then and Now a reproduction of a portrait of Jane A. Delano that was presented to the Smithsonian Institution, and a story of her career," writes Henry W. Potts, who although a member of Youngstown (Ohio) Post of the Legion, lives at 21 Lansing Avenue, Troy, New York, "I was reminded that I have a photograph of her funeral. The enclosed picture shows the Delano funeral procession leaving the Savenay, France, hospital grounds.

"At the left is seen an honor



"Be careful where you put your paper next time!"



The military funeral cortege for Jane A. Delano, for whom a number of Women's Posts of the Legion are named, as it passed through the streets of Savenay, France, in April, 1919

guard, a detachment from my outfit, Company G, 2d Pioneer Infantry, then the caisson bearing Miss Delano's body, escorted by staff officers of the hospital, and in back of the caisson, companies of nurses. Medical units followed the nurses, and the firing squad in overseas caps (not shown in picture) preceded the guard.

"The funeral took place about the middle of April, 1919, and burial was in the Savenay cemetery. This was the largest funeral for one individual that I saw while stationed in Savenay.

"My company, G of the 2d Pioneer Infantry, had the center guard of Savenay, alternating on twenty-four-hour shifts with a company of the 13th Marines. Eddie Mahan, All-American Harvard halfback, was a lieutenant in the 13th Marines. Shortly after we arrived, he left Savenay to play on a Divisional football team.

"Jerry Murphy, a featherweight boxer, fought several times at the big Amusement Hall there and at one time toured part of France. Corporal Biscan often sang in the Amusement Hall and the Red Cross Hut.

"Our barracks stood on the main road leading to the baseball field and I remember one afternoon several of us were seated on the bench in front watching the crowd pass by on its way to see a team from Montoir play a team from Nantes for the S. O. S. championship. There were officers, enlisted men, casuals, glad to be out, and nurses—the latter were keen about baseball and became ardent fans.

"On the other side of the road we saw a soldier who was stopping and questioning members of the passing throng. We asked him what he was doing and he said: 'They put me in a nut ward and so

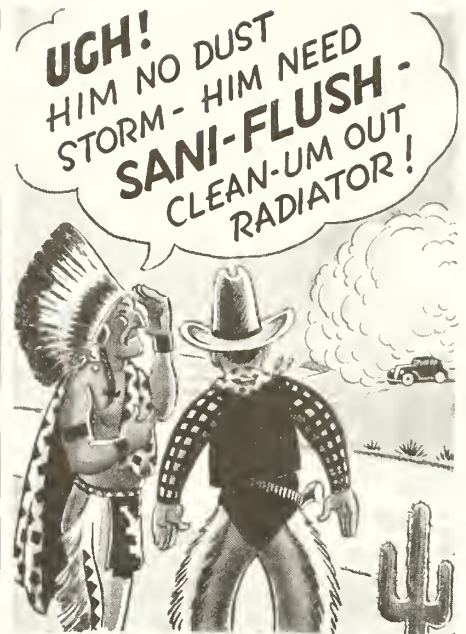
I'm going to act like a nut.' Curious, we watched him.

"He would approach a soldier and say: 'Hello, Bud! Where ya from?' 'Pittsburgh,' came the answer. 'Pittsburgh? My home town. How's Wiley Avenue? Say, pal, would you let me have a franc?'

"Then another soldier would hear, 'Hello, Bud! Where ya from?' 'Cleveland,' would be the answer. 'Cleveland? My home town. How's Euclid Avenue? Say, pal, would you let me have a franc?' A New Yorker would be greeted with the same, 'My home town' and then 'How's Broadway?' and a request for a franc. And so he carried on and on. Before the crowd had all passed, he had claimed towns all over the United States as his home-town. Quite some racket!"

REMEMBER the picture in the January issue of the two French apple women and the American soldier guard that Legionnaire John Krieger of La Jolla, California, reported he snapped at Bassens, France, without learning the identity of the soldier or what the apparent hilarity was about? Upon his suggestion, we asked fellow Legionnaires to come forward and tell us who the American was and just what was occurring at the time—and we're pleased to report that the mystery has been solved.

Henry E. Baier of 2461 Seneca Street, Buffalo, New York, member of West Seneca Post, Vice Commander of the Erie County Organization of the Legion, and ex-chief electrician, U. S. N., reported first to the Company Clerk. While on detached service with the 23d Field Signal Battalion and the 18th Engineers (Railway) during the summer of 1918, he said for a time they were based at Bassens and continued: "There was also a detail from (Continued on page 60)



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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
May 31, 1939

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 585,328.01
Notes and accounts receivable	48,305.12
Inventories	111,349.06
Invested funds	1,972,360.05
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..	201,555.22
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	123,930.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	31,541.93
Deferred charges	19,806.41
	<u>\$3,094,176.77</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	69,297.43
Funds restricted as to use	25,669.22
Deferred revenue	429,596.31
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..	201,555.22
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,916,390.18
Unrestricted capital	451,668.41
	<u>2,368,058.59</u>
	<u>\$3,094,176.77</u>



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Mary's Little Lambs

(Continued from page 59)

the M. T. C. there, one of whose drivers was assigned to us and I am sure this is the man pictured. I can only remember his nickname of 'Shorty,' but he always wore a leather jacket, as pictured, and could parley vous, so was able to converse with the femmes."

Comrade Krieger received letters from the following former shipmates on the *Siboney*: John M. Carcoe, a policeman on the New York City force, who lives at 17 Elizabeth Street in the metropolis; M. B. Klein, who had charge of the *Siboney's* post office, a member of Teaneck (New Jersey) Post of the Legion, and now in the insurance business with his father in New York City, while his home is in West Englewood, New Jersey; and Willis H. Geissinger, 116 East Howard Street, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, ex-fireman 1st and acting water-tender on the *Siboney*. Ivan L. Nelson of 1003 North 12th Street, Boise, Idaho, member of John Regan Post, reported that while with the 320th Field Signal Battalion, 8th Division, his outfit made the trip from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Newport News, Virginia, on that ship, and LeRoy McEwan, city mail carrier of Iowa Falls, Iowa, also reported having been a passenger. But none of them could tell anything about the picture under discussion.

A faint clew was offered in a letter from Jim Daly of 180 Seward Avenue, Mineola, New York, wherein he said in part: "The picture in the January Legion Magazine gave me a good laugh and a few minutes pleasant reminiscence. Looking closely at the uniform you can faintly distinguish on the cap, the globe, anchor and eagle insignia of the Marine Corps. I was a member of Company B, 1st Battalion, 13th Regiment of Marines, commanded by the then-Colonel Smedley D. Butler (now major general, retired), which spent some months doing M. P. work and guard duty around Bassens, including the time the picture was taken. I think he was one of us.

"What our comrade is telling the ladies I do not know but I can make three guesses: He may have been telling them the verree, verree, fonnee story about how pretty they are, in order to get himself a free apple. He may be asking them, 'Who won the war, anyway?' and receiving the standard horse-laugh in reply. Perhaps he's telling them that old, old story about his father: 'Oh, you know, my father, the mayor of New York or Chicago or Frisco, or way points.' You never told that one? Aw, g'wan!"

But all of that didn't solve the problem. And it wasn't solved until this letter came to Krieger from Romeo D. Smith of Weston (West Virginia) Post:

"For reasons I cannot explain, from day to day I have put off writing you, so here 'tis.

"I was sure surprised to find my picture in the Legion Magazine and will say I was not the one to find it. Mrs. Smith always looks over the incoming mail. Only my willingness to help others, as displayed in the picture, is what has kept me out of the dog house. As for the picture, I was doing provost guard. We had relieved the Marines at guard and it fell my lot to be on duty at the busy corner, one corner up from the docks, where the woman spilled her apples. They were promptly wiped off and what caused the laugh is that I suggested she was rubbing them so strenuously on her blouse, that she'd be lopsided.

"I have given you a great deal of thought as the sailors used to post my letters in New York and it runs in my mind that one of the boys on the *Siboney* mailed a silk shawl for me—and later I had to pay \$17.50 duty on it. Anyway, it's a swell shawl.

"I will be glad to get the original picture. I belonged to the 113th Supply Train stationed at Bassens. That was a tough Battle of Bordeaux we fellows fought!"

And so another wartime "whoosit" picture is identified.

WE THOUGHT that over the years we had run the entire gamut of mascots of service outfits—mules, horses, dogs, bears, goats, monkeys, parrots, roosters and so on and on—but here's a new one. Nothing other than a coyote and we're introduced to the animal by A. M. Erickson of 104 North 15th Street, Omaha, Nebraska, who submitted the picture we display on the opposite page. All right, Comrade, tell us about your mascot:

"Noticing a bit of a revival of the subject of service mascots, I am sending a picture of one that is out of the ordinary. This animal, a coyote, became mascot of the 222d Field Signal Battalion and the picture shows it with a cook of our outfit, whose name I cannot recall. I was supply sergeant.

"This coyote was seen to crawl into a hole in back of the Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where we were stationed, was dug out and after capture became tame and given the name of Alice. It was not unusual to see this coyote play with a dog that would wander into camp.

"On our trip from Fort Leavenworth to Camp Meade, Alice was placed in the baggage car and always created a great deal of interest whenever a stop was made and she was given a little exercise. Any attention given Alice seemed to please her very much, which is of course characteristic of femininity. Alice finally succumbed from eating too much canned corned beef."

A LEGION National Convention is basically, of course, one vast reunion of veterans, but an added pleasure can be gained at a convention when a definite reunion of your own old gang is scheduled—a place set where you will be sure to find the old buddies. That's why this department has been stressing the scores of outfit reunions that will be held in Chicago, September 25th to 28th, in conjunction with the National Convention of The American Legion.

There is still one last slight chance of getting an announcement of a reunion published in these columns in the September issue—an air-mail letter or a telegram sent immediately after you read this will probably get your notice in before the deadline. When you notify this office of your reunion, be sure at the same time to report it to Stanley R. McNeill, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, who is Chairman of Convention Reunions. Mr. McNeill and his committee will help in arranging for reunion headquarters, for banquets, dinners, luncheons or whatever form you want your reunion to take.

Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, 8136 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, is General Chairman of Legion Women's activities during the convention and our women comrades should report to her.

Detailed information of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES—Official dinner, Red Lacquer Room, Palmer House, Sept. 25, 6:30 p. m.; open house and tea, Nurses Club, 8 S. Michigan av., Sept. 24 & 25; tour of Chicago Historical Society and tea, afternoon, Sept. 27. Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, Gen. Chmn., 8136 Ingleside av., Chicago.

NATL. ORG. WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual convention and reunion. Natl. Hq., Stevens Hotel. Annual breakfast-meeting, Blackstone Hotel, Wed., Sept. 27, 8 a. m., Miss Mabel B. Madden, chmn., 700 Fullerton Pkwy., Chicago.

NATL. YEOMEN F—Annual reunion and meeting. Breakfast-reunion, Tropical Room, Medinah Club, Wed., Sept. 27, 8 a. m. Mrs. Constance H. Strong, chmn., 3232 Home av., Berwyn, Ill.

1st Div.—19th annual reunion and banquet, Soc. of 1st Div., Hotel Sherman, Sept. 23-24. Herman R. Dorf, chmn., 6765 Sheridan rd., Chicago, or Room 107, Hotel Sherman, Chicago.

2d Div.—Natl. reunion banquet, 2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F., Louis XVI Room, Hotel Sherman, Sept. 26. Geo. V. Gordon, chmn., 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

4th Div.—Reunion and banquet, Hotel Sherman, Sun. eve, Sept. 24. Make reservations with W. T. Evans, 320 W. Grand st., Chicago, Ill.

6th Div.—Write for *Sightseer* and details 6th Div. Assoc. reunion. C. A. Anderson, secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

20th Div.—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

26th Div.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26. Chicago YD Club will open Hq. in Loop. Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

31st (DIXIE) Div.—2d reunion and banquet. C. F. Negele, 109 W. Bonita av., San Dimas, Calif.

32d Div.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 26, with Red Arrow Club of Chicago as sponsor. Frank J. Schneller, pres., 2000 Lincoln Park West, Chicago.

33d Div.—For details 33d Div. Hq. and reunion, write to Wm. M. Engel, secy., 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

38th Div.—Reunion 38th Div. Vets. Assoc. J. F. Heim, natl. comdr., 10515 Croesus av., Los Angeles, Calif.

80th Div.—Reunion dinner. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

81st (WILDCAT) VETS.—Reunion dinner. Hq. at Hotel Knickerbocker. For details, vets write Wildcats Vets. Comm., Hotel Knickerbocker, Chicago.

82d Div.—Convention reunion, Paul W. Tilley, 1122½ W. 88th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

85th Div.—Reunion. Frank L. Greeny, pres. 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee Wisc.

89th Div.—Natl. reunion luncheon, Mon., Sept. 25. For details of luncheon and of reunion hq., write to Leonard M. Rice, gen. chmn., 7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

92d Div.—Reunion, 92d Div. World War Vets. Assoc. Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans av., Chicago.

34th INF. BAND, 7TH Div.—Proposed reunion. L. E. Benedict, Sherburne, N. Y.

41st INF.—Reunion of all vets. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

46th INF., COS. A, B, C & D—5th reunion. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill.

131st INF., Co. H—Reunion. Leonard A. Borgeson, 4231 N. Lawndale av., Chicago.

4th INF., C.O.T.S., 1st Co., 2d BN., CAMP PIKE—Reunion. L. C. Howe, 8944 Bishop st., Chicago.

6th CO., INF. CAND. SCHOOL, LAVALBONNE—Reunion. Fred O. Folk, c/o M. L. Rothschild, State & Jackson, Chicago.

1st BTRY., 3d O.T.C., CAMP GRANT—Luncheon reunion. Lee M. Thurston, 140 N. Mayfield av., Chicago.

326th M. G. BN., Co. D—Annual reunion. Walter M. Wood, Drawer 29, Portsmouth, Ohio.

9th F. A.—Reunion. Write W. F. Oberlies, 95th & Cottage Grove av., Chicago, for details.

80th F. A., BTRY. F—Reunion. Taylor Post, Schiller & N. Clark st., Chicago. Nick Pernicar, c/o Post Hq.

62d C. A. C., BTRY. C—Reunion. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

67th C.A.C., BTRY. C; 7th Co. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 44th & 45th PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)—G. D. Nolan, 372 Bridge Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES. C & D, 4th & 5th REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR—Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Ill.

Co. C, 1st AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Jacob G. Wagner, Box 12, Monterey, Ind.

Co. E, 4th AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Vine st., Ottumwa, Iowa.

105th ORD. DEPOT, CAMP LEE—Reunion. Write Alexander H. Kuhn, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Reunion. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

2d TRENCH MORTAR BN., BTRY. A—A. W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Reunion. E. J. Price, chmn., 130 N. Wells st., Chicago. To organize local Bns., write Claude J. Harris, organ. dir., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

Co. A, 302d BN., TANK CORPS—22d annual reunion, Sept. 25. Write L. M. Lewis, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago.

13th ENGRS.—Hq. in Hotel Sherman, sponsored by 13th Engrs. Post. A. L. Geo. H. Beyer, adjt., 217 W. Calendar av., La Grange, Ill.

14th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. Hq. Auditorium Hotel. A. G. Grant, chmn., 5018 Evans av., Chicago.

17th ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Reunion. Mark W. Van Sickle, secy.-treas., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

21st ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—19th annual reunion. F. G. Webster, secy.-treas., 113 E. 70th st., Chicago.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Write H. H. Siddall, pres., 5410 Ridgewood ct., Chicago, for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

26th ENGRS.—Reunion, with Hq. and banquet at Morrison Hotel. Banquet on Sept. 25. Write Dr. A. A. Fricke, secy.-treas., 1136 W. 6th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

35th ENGRS.—Reunion of car builders. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39th ENGRS.—15th annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Chas. M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago. (Continued on page 62)



An unusual kind of mascot—a coyote—served the 222d Field Signal Battalion at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, during the war

I GUESS YOU NEVER HAD FLEAS



Imagine an itch that's everywhere at once. Your skin gets sore and you wake up scratching. Maybe you get a skin disease and your hair falls out!



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Mary's Little Lambs

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60TH RY. ENGRS. and ARX.—8th annual reunion Hq. open Sept. 24, D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

61ST RY. ENGRS.—2d annual reunion. Hq. at St. Clair Hotel, Chicago. Write Edw. W. Soboda, secy.-treas., 1606a W. Chambers st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

218TH ENGRS., Hq. Co.—Reunion. Arthur Thompson, 2101 W. Cermak rd., Chicago.

509TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Write C. G. Rigenbach, 8014 Perry av., Chicago.

308TH FIELD BN., SIG. CORPS—Vets interested in convention reunion, write Herb Hale, 417 Ravine av., or Jim Hill, 527 Frye av., Peoria, Ill.

314TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Sat. Sept. 23.

A. J. Tichy, secy., 2117 S. East av., Berwyn, Ill.

415TH SIG. CORPS BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

52D TEL. BN., S. C.—Reunion. Mike Loftus, 6955 W. George st., Chicago, and Geo. C. Rost, 6916 Cambridge, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CO. C, 106TH F. S. BN.—Reunion. Art Park, 809 College av., Wheaton, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion, banquet and dance. Hq. and Balloon Bar in Congress Hotel, overlooking parade route. Banquet in Gold Room. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago.

31ST BALLOON CO.—Reunion with NAABCV. John C. Eidt, 4317 37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

17TH & 148TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Harold E. Young, 2912 Field, Detroit, Mich.

32D AERO SQDRN.—Reunion and organization. Geo. M. Haag, 152 E. Main st., Bogota, N. J.

120TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Wm. J. Callaghan, 418 5th av. N., Great Falls, Mont.

139TH AERO SQDRN. and VETS of VICTORY LOAN FLYING CIRCUS (EASTERN SEC.)—Reunion-dinner, Tues., Sept. 26, 8 p. m., at Bismarck Hotel, Chicago.

C. O. Baetz, Box 51, Appleton, Wisc., or Robt. Duncan, 2712 Wisconsin av., N. W., Washington, D. C.

150TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Rich Field vets. F. W. Freeman, 22 Parker av., Cranford N. J.

161ST AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. H. W. Tawson, 4015 Xerxes av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

174TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion and revised roster. Write V. E. (Vic) Fesenmeyer, Riceville, Iowa.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Floyd Perham, Lake Side, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25.

W. V. Mathews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. John B. Lamb, 1532 Pallister st., Detroit, Mich.

277TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. H. C. Lockwood, 3906 Douglas rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

380TH & 828TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

463D AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Palmer House, Chicago. For details, write Earle W. Moss, actg. secy., 1010 Lake av., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

466TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 24-27. Paul Barlow, 105 Main st., St. Joseph, Mich.

634TH AERO SUPPLY SQDRN.—Reunion. Wm. T. Ford, 447 N. Clark st., Chicago.

SPRUCE & AERO CONSTR. SQDRNS., VANCOUVER BARRACKS—Reunion and organization. Gen. Brice P. Disque will attend. Wm. N. Edwards, (C. O. 24th Sqdrn.), 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

11TH CONSTR. CO., AIR SERV.—2d reunion, at Harold A. Taylor Post (A. L.) Hq., 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Theo. J. Herzog, 3616 N. Paulina st., Chicago.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. 303 ASSOC.—For date and plans of reunion, write Frank T. Herbert, 444 W. Grand av., Chicago.

313TH FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Reunion. Write to Chester C. Sellens, 544 E. 2d st., Russell, Kans., for details.

REMOUNT SQDRN. 342—Reunion. Harry C. Campbell, 619 Wallace av., Bowling Green, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Convention reunion. All R. R. vets of home camps or A. E. F. invited to join. Clyde D. Burton, natl. reunion chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago.

BASE SPARE PARTS, DEPOT UNITS 1-2-3, M. T. C. 327—Annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Sept. 25.

B. C. Peterson, secy., 165 N. Elizabeth st., Chicago.

M. T. C. VERNEUX 301-2-3, BASE SPARE PARTS—Reunion Hq., Lytton bldg., State & Jackson, Henry Hirsch, 6220 Woodlawn av., Chicago.

1ST REGT. MOTOR MECH. CO. 20, S. C.—Reunion. Write Frank D. Lauer, Whiting, Ind., or B. G. Gwartzney, Van Nuys, Calif.

Cos. 346 & 802, M. T. C.—Reunion. Fred Bushnell, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.

M. T. C. 411—Reunion dinner, Hotel Sherman, Tues., Sept. 26. Leroy C. Hanby, Connorsville, Ind.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Hamilton, Sept. 26, 8 p. m. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

C. & R. BRANCH, Q. M., CAMP CODY—Reunion. H. A. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

318TH SUP. CO.—Reunion, Sept. 23-27. Hq., Room 102, Sherman Hotel. Syd Carne, chmn., 109 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

R. R. & C. C., BASE SEC. 2, A. E. F.—Reunion. Write R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

GRAVES REGIS. SERV., UNITS 302-3-4—Reunion. C. A. Morehouse, Homer, Ill.

O. & T. C. No. 2 and T. A., LIMOGES—Reunion. Newton Rogers, Room 441, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

11TH CAV., Hq., A, B, C, D & M. G. TROOPS, FT. MYERS—Reunion. Write Geo. J. Sherrard, 4906 N. Talman av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. 101—Reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Edw. H. Porath, 14461 Faust, Detroit, Mich.

BASE HOSP. 136—Annual reunion, Stevens Hotel. Mrs. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion-luncheon, Lincoln-Belmont YMCA, Sept. 26. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER—Reunion. Mrs. Mary Callaway, secy., 566 W. 3d st., Dayton, Ohio.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE—Reunion dinner. Vergil I. Trotter, Chrysler Corp., (Plymouth Div.), Detroit, Mich.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52, LEMANS—Annual reunion. Dinner, Auditorium Hotel, Tues., Sept. 26, 6:30 p. m. Miss Marie O. Skyrud, 1900 W. Polk st., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—3d annual reunion. Write J. Charles Meloy, pres., Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

AMB. CO. 129, 108TH SAN TRN.—Reunion hq. at Sherman Hotel. Frank F. Fabian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

322D MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

MARINES—Reunion of all ex-Marines, Hotel LaSalle, Sept. 24, under auspices Marine Post, A. L. Henry Williams, 316 W. 60th st., Chicago.

13TH CO. & 10TH REGT., USMC—Reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

NAVY—Reunion-dinner, Sept. 24, for all ex-sailors and coastguardsmen. S. M. Wolfred, 2838 W. 25th st., Chicago.

NAVY RADIOMEN—Reunion. Write Doty, c/o Otto & Doty, Downers Grove, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS—Reunion of M. I. T. and Pensacola vets. Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.

NAVAL AIR STA., FROMENTINE—Reunion. F. H. Normington, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.

NAVAL AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME—Reunion. Dave O. Gran, 4532 Deming pl., Chicago.

NAVAL AIR STA., PAIMBOEUF—Reunion. H. Halverson, Granite Falls, Minn.

CO. 120, NAVY YD., NORFOLK—Reunion of 1918 vets. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, Booneville, Miss.

U. S. S. *Agamemnon*—Reunion. Nav. Res. Armory, Chicago. Jim Yellig, Santa Claus, Ind., or J. P. Hayes, 570 McKinley pkwy., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. DESTROYER *Balch* (No. 60)—Reunion. Irwin E. Harris, Granite Falls, Minn.

U. S. S. *Castine*—Reunion banquet. W. C. Chapman, 134 Tipton st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. S. *Dixie*—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. *Galatea*, *Tonopah* & *Dreadnaught* and SUBCHASER No. 34—Reunion of all crews. Ed LaViolette, 4301 Potomac av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Gopher*—Reunion. Carl H. Vollmer, 1112 S. Central av., Burlington, Iowa.

U. S. S. *Kanawha*—Reunion. Homer L. (Sunshine) Dukes, 1933 Axton av., Union, N. J.

U. S. S. *Liberator*—Reunion. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Manta*—Reunion. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *New Jersey*, *Constellation* & *Boxer*—Reunion. Forrest A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *New Mexico*—Reunion of crew. Write F. J. Egerer, 125 S. Grant st., Westmont, Ill.

U. S. S. *Quinnbaug*—3d annual reunion. Edward J. Stewart, 870 E. 28th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Vermont*—Reunion of crew. Gene Ferrier, ex-elec. lcl., 6947 Wolfram st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Proposed reunion, Bismarck Hotel, Sept. 26, 8 p. m. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 2010 Spring st., Racine, Wisc.

U. S. S. *Lake Ypsilanti*—Reunion. Abraham Weisbaum, 5434 N. Winthrop av., Chicago.

COCO SOLO—Reunion of Hupe's Coco Solo band. Al Wahlen, Homewood, Ill., or Dr. Jack Fuqua, Elgin, Ill.

Stars and Stripes Assoc.—Annual reunion banquet, LaSalle Hotel, Sun., Sept. 24. Robert Stack, secy., 859 Diversey, Chicago.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND—Reunion. Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual convention. Great Northern Hotel, N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

AMERICAN VETS of FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—2d annual reunion. Fred B. Mansfield, adjt., Box 385, Atascadero, Calif.

POST OFFICE POSTS—Conference re proposed natl. assoc. big free get-together party; special hq. Onni R. Isaacson, secy., Van Buren Post natl. conv. comm., 7608 S. Peoria st., Chicago.

VETS of POLISH EXTRACTION and all LEGIONNAIRES invited to Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L. during convention. Walter Zasadski, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago.

LAST MAIN CLUBS—Reunion, Congress Hotel. Roy W. Swanborg, 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.

SOC. of CROSSED QUILLS of AMERICA—Reunion of ex-field clerks of Army, Q. M. and Marine Corps. Soc. organized in 1935. Wm. Helme, chmn., 122 S. Michigan av., Room 335, Chicago.

1ST GAS & FLAME REGT., C. W. S.—Proposed reunion. Write Walter J. Meinhardt, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago, for details.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

Soc. 1st Div. (N. E. BRANCH)—Proposed reunion, Boston, Mass., in Aug. For details, write Henry J. Grogan, secy., 73 Summer st., Hyde Park, Mass.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. (DEPT. OF CALIF.)—State reunion, Oakland, Aug. 13-16, with Legion Dept. conv. Reunion dinner, 365 Club, San Francisco, Aug. 13; 4th Div. Day at Treasure Island, Aug. 13. C. H. Potts, chmn., 438 34th av., San Francisco.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. (N. Y. CHAP.)—Regular meetings, 2d Wed. each month, Columbia Univ. Club, 4 W. 43d st., New York City. All 4th vets invited. W. J. Massey, secy., 259 W. 14th st., New York City.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass., Aug. 29. Ben Pollock, secy., 100 Summers st., Boston.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write E. R. Corbett, 1037 Roslyn av., S. W., Canton, or Wm. Barton Bruce, pres., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I. Some div. histories left at five dollars.

35TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Kansas City, Kans., Oct. 19-21. Leo A. Swoboda, secy., Law bldg., Kansas City, Kans., or Mahlon S. Weed, chmn., Kansas City, Kans., Kansas City.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

Lost BN., 77TH DIV.—Reunion-luncheon, preceding memorial services, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sun., Sept. 24. Maj. McMurty as honor guest. Write Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 1859 Victor st., Bronx, New York.

77TH DIV. ASSOC. extends facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit N. Y. World's Fair, Jos. E. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., N. Y. C.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 11-13. For details, write Raymond Taylor, secy., Closter, N. J., or John Kennedy, pres., New Hope, Pa.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion and convention, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Mark R. Byrne, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Dr. S. A. Baltz, chmn., Uniontown.

WILDCAT (81ST) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion, World's Fair Grounds, New York City, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., Citronelle, Ala.

89TH DIV. Soc.—Official annual reunion and dinner, St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Sept. 23. Date will permit vets en route to Legion Natl. Conv. in Chicago to stop over for the day. For details, write Charles S. Stevenson, natl. secy., 2505 Grand av., Kansas City, Mo.

5TH INF.—Proposed reunion. Write to Louis Siegel, 9925 62d drive, Forest Hills, N. Y.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

126TH INF.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

130TH INF. & 4TH ILL.—13th reunion, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, Champaign, Ill. Joe E. Harris, secy.-treas., Paris, Ill.

135TH INF.—8th annual reunion, Btry. A. Armory, 1221 S. Grand av., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 12. Frank P. Zeisler, chmn., 5021 Wells av., St. Louis.

308TH INF.—Reunion dance, McAlpin Hotel, 34th st. & 6th av., New York City, Sat., Oct. 14, under auspices 308th Inf. Post and Aux. Unit. Proceeds for welfare fund. L. C. Barrett, 157 Beechwood av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

313TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Montfaucon Post Clubhouse, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7. Bartus E. Wigley, adjt., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

314TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum st., Philadelphia.

322d INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Steubenville, Ohio, Sept. 2-3. Frank A. Conn, secy., 1534 Oregon av., Steubenville.

353d INF. Soc.—Annual reunion, Broadway Hotel, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 2-3, just preceding Kans. Legion Conv. Dr. Leland Spencer, chmn., Hillside & Douglas, Wichita.

355TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Sept. 10-11. Phil A. Nelson, "Colonel," Fremont.

112TH INF. Co. A.—Reunion, York, Pa., Aug. 11-12. Warren L. Hake, 468 W. Chester pl., York.

140TH INF. Co. I.—3d reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 3-4. L. E. Wilson, 5908 Park av., Kansas City.

6TH INF. Co., 2d O. T. C., LEON SPRINGS, TEX.—2d reunion, Roosevelt Hotel, Waco, Tex., Sun.,

Aug. 27. Write Ed Easters, Box 1947, Beaumont, Tex.

108TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 16-17. Vets write Russell Parry, secy., 1108 Allen st., Allentown, Pa.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, State Armory, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th rd., Flushing.

52D PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner, Park Central Hotel, New York City, Nov. 11. N. J. Brooks, 46 W. 48th st., New York City.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 6. O. B. Shelley, secy., Monroe, N. C.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—4th reunion, Fort Dix, N. J., Aug. 19-20. For details, write Howard D. Jester, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

159TH DEPOT BRIG., CAMP TAYLOR—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write Ace Waters, 218 N. Main st., Rushville, Ind.

313TH M. G. BN.—20th reunion, Erie, Pa. Sun. Aug. 6. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.

327TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Covington, Ky., Sept. 2-3. Jas. H. Joyner, secy., 715 W. Southern av., Covington.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Sept. 2-4, in both Detroit, Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and copy *Cannoner*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

139TH F. A. REUNION ASSOC. (4TH INF. INF., N. G., and TROOP B)—18th reunion, Marion, Ind., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Frank Behers, pres., Marion, Ind.

322d F. A. ASSOC.—Reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 9. L. E. Fritsch, Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio, or Carl Dorsey, reunion secy., 1617 Shenandoah rd., Toledo.

327TH F. A. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Manners Park, Taylorville, Ill., Sept. 10. Basket dinner for members and families. Write C. C. May, secy., 1924 N. 5th st., Springfield, Ill.

324TH F. A.—17th reunion, Hotel Warden, Newark, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. W. W. Rouch, secy., R. R. 1, New Carlisle, Ohio.

22D ENGRS.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., Sept. 3. Julius A. Nelson, adjt., 23 E. 137th pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago, Ill.

31TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Geo. Remple, secy., 2423 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

113TH ENGRS.—To learn time and place of reunion, write P. T. Uman, Noblesville, Ind.

308TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—19th reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Write Lee W. Staffler, secy., 1406 Campbell st., Sandusky, Ohio.

309TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th reunion, Hotel Harding, Marion, Ohio, Aug. 25-26. Claude L. Orr, secy., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus, Ohio.

319TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12, with Calif. Legion Conv. K. S. Thomson, secy., 211 Central Bank bldg., Oakland. AIRCRAFT ACCEPT. PARK No. 2—Reunion, Boston, Mass., Aug. 27-Sept. 1. Oscar B. Lee, 119 Sumner rd., Brookline, Mass.

142d AERO SQDRN.—5th reunion, Paterson, N. J., Sept. 1-3. S. W. Falconbery, pres., 773 Sarcee av., Akron, Ohio.

496-7 AERO SQDRNS. (formerly 200-1 SQDRNS.) BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC.—Annual reunion, New York World's Fair, Sept. 30. Write Wm. F. Mussig, secy., 2114 Haviland av., New York City.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, New York City, Aug. 19-20. Write Jos. Pierando, 20 Weldon st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

801ST & 35TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion, Hotel Lincoln, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2-4. Write F. C. Erhardt, 1256 E. LaSalle av., South Bend, Ind.

840TH AERO SQDRN.—16th reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 2-4. Write D. L. Sampson, 225 E. Northern av., Springfield, Ohio, or Lony C. Thompson, 1510 Gulf bldg., Pittsburgh.

EVAC. Hosp. No. 13—19th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write Norm Kuneman, 1272 Hinkel dr., Cincinnati.

5TH SAN. TRN., 11TH AMB. Co. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Canton, N. C., Aug. 3-4. Write Mrs. Chas. Mease, secy., Canton.

356TH AMB. Co.—Reunion, Lincoln, Nebr., Aug. 27-29. Write Mark Logsdon, 2562 Taylor st., Omaha, Nebr.

106TH SAN. TRN.—8th reunion, Opelika, Ala., Aug. 20. Send addresses to C. E. Brooks, secy., 2908 27th st. N., Birmingham, Ala.

U. S. S. Connecticut VETS.—3d annual reunion Caruso Restaurant, 130 W. 42d st., New York City, Sat., Sept. 2, 6 p. m. Write Fayette N. Knight, Jane st., Closter, N. J.

NAVY—All Navy vets interested in reunion dinner or dance at N. Y. Legion Dept. Conv., Albany, N. Y., Sept. 7-9. F. Hanley, Post Office, Albany.

SECOND NAVAL DIST.—Proposed reunion late in Aug. and permanent organization for vets of 2d Nav. Dist. and its various ships, sections and stations. For details, write Chester L. Wood, City Hall, Newport, R. I.

RESERVE MALLET—Reunion Michigan vets—all others welcome, at Grandville (Mich.) Legion Home, Aug. 6. Write Paul C. Maroney, Chelsea, Mich.

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Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

CHARLES KELLY, of Flint, Michigan, sends us the one about two strangers drifting into a church as the congregation was reciting with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

As the men settled into a pew, one with an evident sigh of relief on hearing those words, whispered to the other:

"Thank goodness, we've found our crowd at last."

A CAR that was almost falling apart drove up to the toll bridge, as Ralph R. Richmond of Blanford, Massachusetts, tells it.

"Fifty cents!" said the cashier.

"Sold!" replied the driver.

IN WESTON, West Virginia, Dr. Plate is a dentist and Dr. Cure is a physician.

ACCORDING to Legionnaire Roscoe L. Parkinson, of Chicago, a breach of promise case was being tried and the rustic defendant was under the cross examination of a precise lawyer.

"Now tell me, please," said the lawyer, sternly, "on the 16th of May when you bade her goodbye, did the plaintiff suffer you to kiss her?"

"Well," replied the witness slowly, "I reckon I did give her a kiss or two, but there wasn't much sufferin' about it as I could see."

FOR the unusual-sign-collectors club, Rev. John K. Borneman, of LaSalle Post, Niagara Falls, writes that a tourist home in his community has this startling information on its sign board:

TOURISTS AIR CONDITIONED.

TWO men were discussing the literary abilities of a friend, according to George Hubach of Russell, Massachusetts, when one remarked:

"I understand he has just completed a historical novel."

"That so?" asked the other. "Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who's going to publish it."

GLENN D. CRAWFORD, National Comptroller, tells one about the police chief who asked the sergeant: "Did you give this man the third degree?"

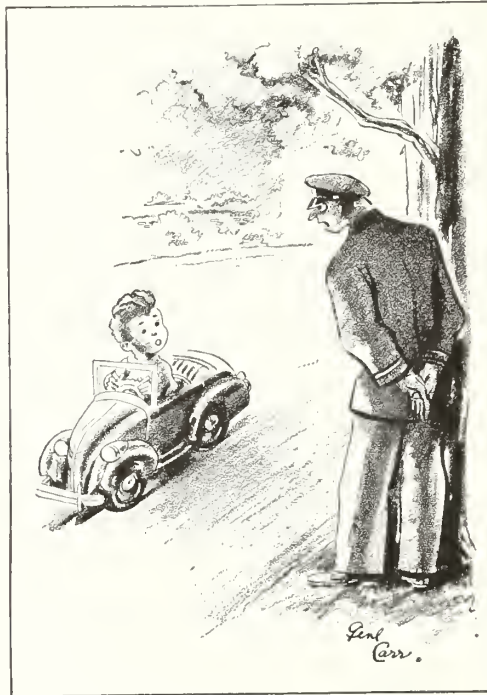
"Yes, sir. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of."

"What did he do?"

"He dozed off and merely murmured now and then, 'Yes, my dear; you're perfectly right.'"

THEN, there's the one about a Swede on the witness stand. The defendant was accused of breaking a window with a large stone. The witness was being pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not establish exactly what was its size.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the judge, who had taken over the examina-



"Have you seen a blonde go by here on roller skates?"

tion from the lawyers in the hope of getting some results.

"It bane bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It bane bigger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It bane about as long, but not so thick."

A STRANGER stood on the station platform in a small town and after sadly watching the train depart, asked the station agent if he could direct him to the best hotel in town.

"I can," replied the agent, "but I hate to."

"Why?"

"Because you will think, after you've seen it, that I'm a liar."

A PAINFUL scene was being enacted, with Willie, his father and a paddle in the leading roles. The father gave voice to the ancient platitude: "This hurts me, son, far more than it does you."

Willie gritted his teeth. "Okey doke," he said, "keep it up. I can stand it!"

FROM Gail W. Cunningham of New York City comes this piece of copy from a sign in a lunch room which has tall tables at which people can stand and eat as well as tables of conventional height with chairs: "The chairs are for ladies; gentlemen will please refrain from using them until ladies are seated."

AND there is the one about a cop stopping a wavering man. "Have you any explanation for wandering around drunk at this time of night?" he asked.

"Say," replied the rounder, "if I had an explanation, I'd have faced my wife hours ago."

THE girl was telling her father about her latest conquest. "I'm sure you'll like Charlie, dad; he's a fine young man."

"Has he any money?"

"Oh, dad—you men are all alike—so inquisitive. That's exactly what Charlie asked me about you."

"I WANT one of you," said the teacher, "to give me a definition of the word widow."

"A widow," said one of the children, "is a woman who lived with her husband so long that he died."

IN OKLAHOMA a man arrested on a felony charge was assigned a lawyer whose crude appearance caused the prisoner to ask the judge:

"Your Honor, is this my lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Is he going to defend me?"

"Yes."

"If he should die, would I get another lawyer?"

"Yes."

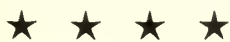
"Then, can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"

AND there is one about a young woman who does a bit in the line of verse. She recently received the following note from a magazine editor:

"Dear Madam: The verses entitled 'The Kiss' are extremely clever. Can you assure me they are original?"

Whereupon the young lady answered: "Dear Sir: Not quite. 'The Kiss' was a job of collaboration."

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IS
BELIEVING!

Now...circus folks, too, are
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"WATCH 'em burn," is the advice smart smokers are giving on cigarettes these days. At the right, aerial ace Everett White of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey circus proves that one leading cigarette burns *slower* than other brands. The winning brand is C-A-M-E-L! Camel's big advantage is in its *costlier tobaccos*, expertly blended in a cigarette made to burn *slowly, completely!*

Recently, a group of scientists made this interesting laboratory test on a bigger scale. 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially. **CAMELS BURNED 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM.** (Camels were remarkably consistent. Cigarettes of some brands smoked twice as fast as others right from the same pack.) **IN THE SAME TEST, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME FOR ALL THE OTHER BRANDS.**

Camel is the cigarette of *costlier tobaccos*... always slow-burning, cool, mild, with a delightful taste!



Everyone watches Everett White, the daring aerialist (center), intently, as Camels win in his cigarette test. He remarks: "Camel smokers *know* Camels smoke COOLER and Milder. And any smoker can see one reason *why!* Look how much *slower* that Camel burns! And, say, notice how the Camel ash *stays on!*"



SMOKING
IS
BELIEVING!

IF you feel that life owes you a little more fun, try a cigarette made with *costlier tobaccos*...a Camel! See how Camel's delightful fragrance and taste can brighten you up. Camels are amazingly mild. Cool...easy on your throat...really a matchless blend.

Camels have more tobacco by weight than the average of the 15 other brands tested. Besides, by burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels give you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!

Camels give you even *more* for your money when you count in Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Buy shrewdly! Buy Camels...America's first choice for a luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford!



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Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Camel's *slower burning* (compared to the average time of the 15 other brands tested) gives you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack! You economize while enjoying smoking pleasure at its best!

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PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY